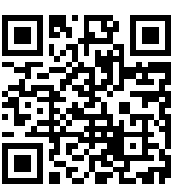
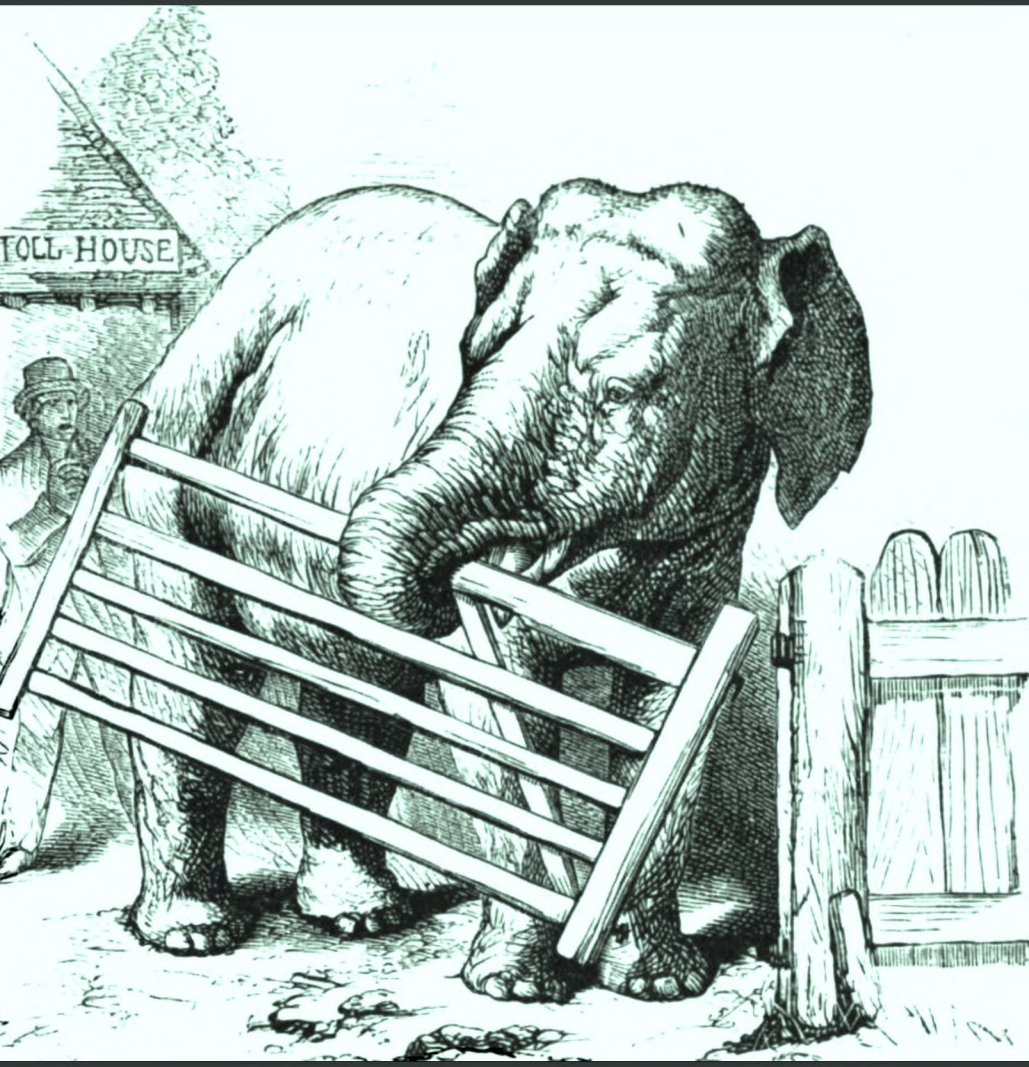
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

https://books.google.com



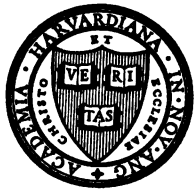


The Nursery

Digitized by Google

PJan 1787.758
KE 7

Harvard College
Library



Gratis

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

NURSERY

A Monthly Magazine

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

VOLUME XIV.

BOSTON:
JOHN L. SHOREY, No. 36, BROMFIELD STREET.
1873.

Digitized by Google

P Jur 1787. 758

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GRATIS
DEC 14 1937

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by
JOHN L. SHOREY,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

BOSTON:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY RAND, AVERY, & CO.

Digitized by Google

Contents.

IN PROSE.

	PAGE.
Look out for the Engine	1
How Willy coaxed Edith	3
Works of Art for Children	4
Kit Midge	8
Hettie's Chickens	10
A Schoolboy's Story	12
Clarence at the Menagerie	14
Touch my Chicks if you dare	16
The Catcher caught	18
Edwin's Doves	22
The Little Fortune-Seekers	24
The Little Stepmother	30
The Mother's Prayer	33
Coosie and Carrie	36
The Fourth of July Cake	38
How our School came to have the Nursery	42
Where the Dandelions went	43
The Bird's Nest	44
Meditations of a Shut-out One	46
Dreaming and Doing	48
Prairie Dogs	51
A Journey to California	55
A Letter to George	58
The Blackberry Frolic	60
The Queer Things that happened to Nelly	65
The Six Ducks	69
The Bunch of Grapes	71
A True Story about a Dog	73
Pitcher-Plants and Monkey-Pots	76
Under the Cherry-Tree	77
Rambles in the Woods	80
What I Saw at the Seashore	82
Blossom and I	85
How Norman became an Artist	87
A Boot-Race under Difficulties	89
Pictures for Walter	90
The Fisherman's Children	92
Threading the Needle	97
The Butter Song	100
Our Pony	103
Nelly's Kitten	105
A Morning Ride	108
Perils of the Sea	112
In Honor of Rosa's Birthday	114
Walter's Disappointment	116
The Tide coming in	119
Letter to George	122
Peepy's Pet	124
The Aunt and the Niece	129
Dreadfully cheated	132
A Bad Blow	135
Paul	137
Little Piggy	140
Camping Out	141
A Field-Day with the Geese	144
Learn to think	147
Grandpa and the Mouse	151
The Speckled Hen	154

Digitized by Google

PAGE.

Story of a Daisy....156
Clear the Coast....161
A Letter to Santa Claus....165
The Boy and the Nuts....166
Eddy's Thanksgiving....167
Benny's Arithmetic Lesson....170
Grandpa's Boots....171
What Jessie Cortrell did....173
The Balloon....178
The Starling and the Sparrows....181
The Sprained Ankle....187

IN VERSE.

PAGE.

My Clothes-Pins....6
Mamma's Boy....11
The Birds and the Pond-Lily....21
A Summer-Day (*with music*)....32
Charley's Opinion....35
Song of the Brook....41
Bobolink....50
Dear Little Mary....53
Little Jack Horner (*with music*)....64
Rose's Song....68
A Little Tease....75
Sleeping in the Sunshine....78
Young Lazy-Bones (*with music*)....96
The Singing Mouse....101
A Funny Little Grandma....107
Old Trim....110
Our One-Year-Old....115
The Boasting Boy....117
Cakes and Pies....118
Sunrise....121
Song of the Monkey (*with music*)....128
Summer's over....134
The Anvil Chorus....136
The Cat and the Book....139
What Willy did....146
The Brothers that did not quarrel....150
Home from the Woods....153
Winifred Waters (*with music*)....160
Who is it?....164
The Acorns....175
Grandmother's Birthday....176
What the Cat said to the Monkey....180
The Tea-Party....185



Digitized by Google



LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE!

Digitized by Google

LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE!



SALLY and Bob were making a bonfire in the woods. They had come to spend the whole day, and had brought their dinner in a basket; and Carlo, their little dog, kept watch of it while they gathered sticks and leaves.

They soon had a large pile heaped up in the middle of the road which led through the forest. "For," said Bob, "we must make the fire where it won't do any mischief."

When all was ready, Bob lighted a match, and tucked it under the leaves. Then, getting down on his knees, he puffed and blew with his mouth, until first there rose a tiny stream of smoke; then a little flame crept out; and, in a moment more, the pile was blazing merrily.

The children got some large stones, and sat down on them to warm their hands; for Sally said her nose and fingers were so cold, she was sure Jack Frost must be somewhere around. They could not make Carlo come near the fire: he was afraid of it, it crackled and sputtered so. He liked better to lie under the bushes near the dinner-basket.

"What a splendid bonfire!" said Bob.

"Yes," said Sally; "but don't you wish we had some nice apples to roast in the coals?"

Just as she said this, they heard the whistle of a locomotive away in the distance. "Look out for the engine!" shouted Bob, jumping up. "Let's run and see the cars go by."

Away they ran down the road, to the edge of the woods, and climbed up on the fence. By leaning over, they could look far up the track, and watch the train come thundering down. First only a black speck was in sight; then the great

Digitized by Google

lantern in front of the locomotive glittered in the sun; and soon the train was rushing by.

Bob balanced himself on the top rail, and shouted, "Hurrah!" Sally screamed, "Good-by, good-by!" at the top of her voice; and Carlo bristled up his hair, and barked loudly, wondering all the time what this strange creature could be, which made such a racket, and ran faster than he could.

The people in the cars heard the noise, and looked out to see where it came from. They saw a boy without his jacket perched on a fence, waving his hat; a little girl by his side, laughing so hard that she showed all her teeth; and a funny little yellow dog yelping with all his might: that was all. But they thought it a pretty picture, and opened the car-windows to wave their handkerchiefs.

As the last car rushed by, a lady at one of the windows tossed out two rosy apples. Down jumped Bob and Sally to pick them up. The apples had fallen in some thick grass, and were not bruised at all. "Just what we wanted," said Sally; "but, oh, dear! I'm so tired with shouting, that I don't believe I can eat my apple." She did eat it, though, every bit of it, except the seeds.

HENRY BALDWIN.

HOW WILLY COAXED EDITH.

THE children who had "The Nursery" last year will remember the story called "Kindness is better than Blows," where the bookseller with an apple coaxed the horse to draw a heavy load up the hill. Little Willy Gay looked at that picture very carefully, and soon made practical use of it, as I will tell you.

Willy is very fond of playing horse, but has no brother to

Digitized by Google

play with him. His sister Edith, three years old, does not like to play horse: she prefers to be with her dollies. Sometimes Willy gets cross, and scolds at her because she will not play horse as much as he wants her to.

A few days ago I saw Willy coming up from the cellar with a large red apple in his hand; and soon after I heard the two children racing through the rooms, having a merry time; and Willy called out, "O mamma! I gave Edie an apple, and she *did* play horse."

You see, he had thought about that story, and made up his mind to try to coax little sister, as the man did the horse: he soon found that kind words and deeds were better than scolding.

I hope he will not forget it very soon. L. W. GAY.

WORKS OF ART FOR CHILDREN.

I HAVE a little daughter who never returns from a walk in the woods without bringing a bunch of gay flowers. I have taught her to make of them many little works of art, which you may also like to learn, dear reader.

Here is the first. Certainly there must grow in your neighborhood some larch or spruce trees. If we look sharp, we shall soon find on them a handsome half-open cone. In the small openings of this cone we stick delicate flowers and grasses which we find in the meadows and fields.

When our nosegay is ready, we lay the cone with the flowers very carefully in a dish of water.

After an hour, the cone is so closely shut, that the flowers are held as fast in its scales as if they had always grown there. This makes a very nice present.

Digitized by Google



I will tell you how to make another pretty thing. You know what a burr is. Alas! it has often played you many a naughty trick, — woven itself provokingly into your clothes, or perhaps into your hair. I can teach you to make a better use of it.

Pluck an apron full: lay them one against another so that they shall stick fast together, and make in this manner the bottom of a small basket of any shape you like, — round, square, or oval.

Now build the burrs up around the edge to form the sides. When this is finished, make also the handle of burrs. A lovely little basket stands before you, which you can fill with flowers or berries from the fields, and carry home to your mother. Of course you know how to make wreaths and bouquets; but to make them tastefully is a true work of art, in which all children should try to become skilful.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.

Digitized by Google



MY CLOTHES-PINS.

My clothes-pins are but kitchen-folk,
 Unpainted, wooden, small;
And for six days in every week
 Are of no use at all.

But when a breezy Monday comes,
 And all my clothes are out,
And want with every idle wind
 To go and roam about,

Oh! if I had no clothes-pins then,
 What would become of me,
When roving towels, mounting shirts,
 I everywhere should see!

Digitized by Google

"I mean," a flapping sheet begins,
"To rise and soar away."
"We mean," the clothes-pins answer back,
"You on this line shall stay."

"Oh, let me!" pleads a handkerchief,
"Across the garden fly."
"Not while I've power to keep you here,"
A clothes-pin makes reply.

So, fearlessly I hear the wind
Across the clothes-yard pass,
And shed the apple-blossoms down
Upon the flowering grass.

The clothes may dance upon the line,
And flutter to and fro:
My faithful clothes-pins hold them fast,
And will not let them go.

My clothes-pins are but kitchen-folk,
Unpainted, wooden, small;
And for six days in every week
Are of no use at all.

But still, in every listening ear,
Their praises I will tell;
For all that they profess to do
They do, and do it well.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

Digitized by Google

KIT MIDGE.



KIT MIDGE was thought in the family to be a wonderful little cat. She enjoyed sitting in the sunshine; she liked to feast upon the dainty little mice; and, oh, dear me! now and then, she liked to catch a bird!

This was very naughty, of course; but the best trained cats have their faults. One morning Kit ate her breakfast with great relish, washed her face and paws, smoothed down her fur coat, and went into the parlor to take a nap in the big arm-chair.

The sun shone full in her face; and she blinked and purred and felt very good-natured; for, only the night before, she had caught her first rat, and for such a valiant deed had been praised and petted to her heart's content.

Well, Kit Midge fell asleep in the chair, with one little pink ear turned back, that she might wake easily, and a black tail curled round her paws. By and by one eye opened; and, peeping out, she saw her mistress walking across the room with a dear little yellow-bird in her hand, which she placed on a plant that stood on the top shelf of the plant-stand.

Now, Midge had looked with longing eyes for weeks upon a lovely canary, which sang on its perch far out of her reach; and I suppose she thought this was the same bird among the green leaves.

But she was a wise little cat: so she slept on. with both eyes open, until her mistress had left the room. Then Kitty

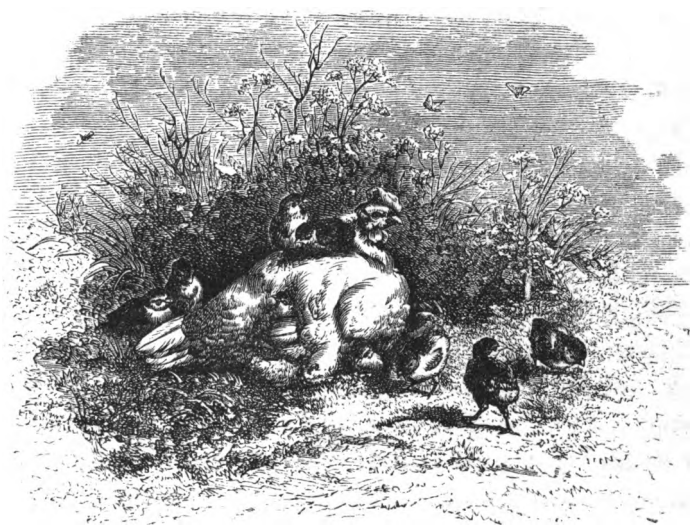
Digitized by Google

came down from the chair, and, creeping softly to the stand, made a spring, and seized birdie between her teeth. Then, jumping down, she dropped the bird on the carpet, smelled it, looked ashamed, and sneaked away.

It was only a stuffed bird; and when her mistress, who had been peeping in at the door all the time, said, laughing, "O Kit Midge, I am perfectly ashamed of you!" Kitty just ran out of the room, and did not show herself the rest of the day.

Kit Midge was never known to catch a bird after that.

AUNTY MAY.



HETTIE'S CHICKEN.

WHAT can be prettier than a brood of chickens with a good motherly hen, like the one in this picture! See how the little chicks nestle and play about their mother! and see what a watchful eye she has over them! But some chickens do not have such kind mothers, as you shall hear.

Digitized by Google

There was a little black one in our yard this spring, which none of the mother-hens would own. They would peck at it, and drive it away, till it was almost starved. Aunt Jennie told our little Hettie that she might have it for her own, if she would take care of it.

So Hettie put the chicken in a cage, with some wool to cover it, and fed it several times every day, till it came to know her. When it was let out of the cage, it would follow her about wherever she went.

One night Hettie went to bed, and forgot to put her pet in its cage. What do you think it did? It just flew up on her pillow; and there it sat with its head tucked under its wing.

Hettie named it Posey, and called it her daughter.

"What will you be, some day, when Posey lays eggs, and brings out a brood of little chickens?" asked mamma one day.

That was a new idea to Hettie; and it puzzled her little brain for a minute: then she laughed out, "Shall I be their grandmother?"

Papa looked up from his paper to see what amused his little girl so much; and, when she had told him, he said he would have a pair of spectacles ready for her; and mamma said she would make her a cap; and Hettie said her little arm-chair would be very nice for a grandmother's chair.

"What will you do as you sit in your chair?" said mamma.

"Let me think," replied Hettie. "Why, my grandma is always knitting mittens and socks and hoods for us; and I must learn to knit, so I can knit some for my grandchildren."

Mamma said she would teach her, and they would begin that very day.

And now, wouldn't you like to see our little Hettie with her roguish eyes peeping over spectacles, and her sunny curls straying from her cap, and her chubby little hands knitting mittens, and all in that little arm-chair?

AUNT AMY.

Digitized by Google



MAMMA'S BOY.

"BABY, climbing on my knee,
Come and talk a while to me.
We have trotted up and down,
Playing horse, all over town.
Whose sweet darling are you, dear?
Whisper close to mamma's ear:
Tell me quickly, for you can."
"I'm mamma's boy, but papa's man!"

"Why, you've many miles to go
Ere you'll be a man, you know.
You are mamma's own delight;
You are mamma's diamond bright;
Rose and lily, pearl and star,
Love and dove, — all these you are."
"No!" the little tongue began:
"I'm mamma's boy, but papa's man!"

GEORGE COOPER.

Digitized by Google



A SCHOOL-BOY'S STORY.

JOHN TUBBS was one day doing his sums, when little Sam Jones pushed against him; and down went the slate with a horrid clatter. "Take care of the pieces!" said the boys, laughing. But Mr. Brill, the master, thought it no laughing matter, and, believing it to be John Tubbs's fault, told him that he should pay for the slate, and have his play stopped for a week.

John said nothing. He did not wish to get little Sam into trouble: so he bore the blame quietly. John's mother was by no means pleased at having to pay for the slate, as she was a poor woman, and had to provide for several other little Tubbses besides John.

"I tell you what it is, John," said she, "you must learn to be more careful. I shall not give you any milk for your

Digitized by Google

breakfast all the week; and by this I shall save money for the slate, which it is right you should pay for."

Poor John ate his bread with water instead of milk: but somehow he was not unhappy, for he felt that he had done a kindness to little Sam Jones; and the satisfaction of having rendered a service to another always brings happiness.

A few days after, Mr. Jones came to the school, and spoke to Mr. Brill about the matter; for little Sam had told his father and mother all about it. Sam was a timid boy; but he could not bear to see John Tubbs kept in for no fault, while the other boys were at play.

"What!" said the master, "and has John Tubbs borne all the blame without saying a word? — Come here, John."

"What's the matter now?" said John to himself. "Something else, I suppose. Well, never mind, so that poor little Sam Jones has got out of his little scrape."

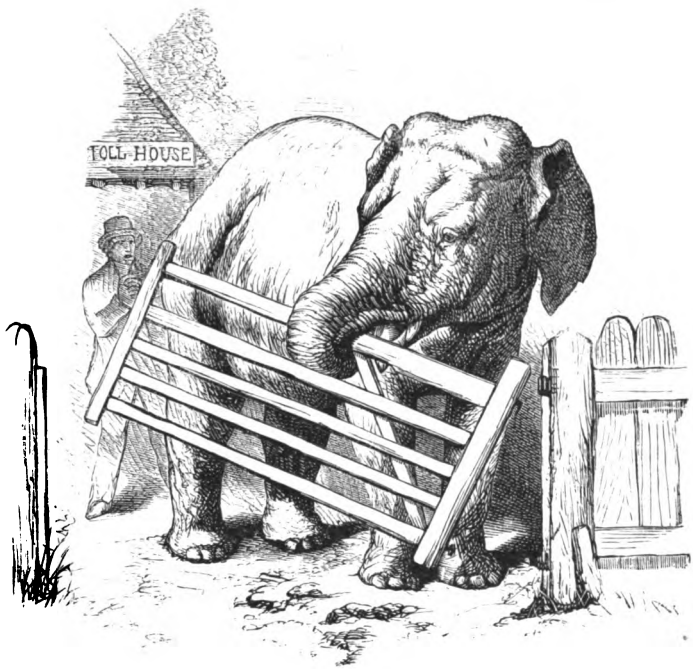
"Now, boys," said Mr. Brill, "here's John Tubbs. Look at him!" And the boys did look at him as a criminal; and John looked very much like a criminal, and began to think that he must be a bad sort of fellow to be called up in this way by his master.

Then Mr. Brill, the master, told the boys all about the broken slate, — that John did not break it, but bore all the blame to save Sam Jones from trouble, and had gone without his milk and play without a murmur. The good schoolmaster said that such conduct was above all praise; and, when he had done speaking, the boys burst out into a cheer. Such a loud hurrah! it made the school-walls ring again. Then they took John on their shoulders, and carried him in triumph round the playground.

And what did John say to all this? He only said, "There, that'll do. If you don't mind, you'll throw a fellow down."

T. C.

Digitized by Google



CLARENCE AT THE MENAGERIE.

On the first day of May, Barnum's menagerie came to our town; and Clarence went with his papa to see the animals. He enjoyed looking at them all; but most of all he liked the monkeys and the elephants.

He fed the monkeys with candy, and laughed to see them hang by their tails while they took it from his hand. They ate all the candy he would give them, and did it in a very funny way.

Clarence's papa said the candy had better be eaten by monkeys than by boys; but I doubt whether Clarence was of that opinion.

Digitized by Google

Clarence was afraid of the great elephant when his papa first took him near it, and hung back when they came within reach of its trunk.

"Why are you afraid of the elephant, Clarence?" asked his papa. "I'm afraid he will *trunk* me," said Clarence.

But he soon got over his fear, and was so busy feeding the elephant, that his papa had to coax him away.

On their way home, Clarence's papa told the little boy some stories about elephants. Here is one of them:—

A famous elephant, called Jack, was once travelling with his keeper from Margate to Canterbury in England, when they came to a toll-bar. Jack's keeper offered the right toll, but the toll-bar man would not take it. He wanted to make them pay more than was right. So he kept the gate shut. On this the keeper went through the little foot-gate to the other side of the bar, calling out, "Come on, Jack·" and at once the elephant applied his trunk to the rails of the gate, lifted it from its hinges, and dashed it to the ground. He then went on his way, while the toll-bar man stood petrified to see what a mistake he had made in demanding an unjust toll from an elephant

"Now, Clarence," said his papa, "I suppose you would say that the elephant 'trunked' the toll-gate, and so he did; but, you see, it was because he did not choose to be imposed upon."

CLARENCE'S PAPA.



Digitized by Google

"TOUCH MY CHICKS IF YOU DARE!"

THAT is what the old hen must have said to our little pup Bravo, who, being three months old, thought he was a match for any chicken or hen in the whole barnyard. He made up his mind that he would first try his courage on a little yellow chick named Downy, who was just three days old, and who had strayed away from his mother's wing to pick up a crumb.

So with a fearful growl, and a bark that might have frightened a lion, Bravo made a leap and a spring after poor little Downy. But Downy was too intent on his crumb of bread to take much notice of the enemy; and then Bravo, like a prudent general, stopped short, and tried his artillery before approaching any nearer. In other words, he began to bark in such a terrible manner, that any reasonable person would have shown his respect by running away.

But Downy was too young to reason, or show respect. Bravo, though as valiant as Julius Cæsar, was, at the same time, as cautious and careful as Fabius; and, if you do not know who Fabius was, I must tell you. He was a Roman general who was very famous for his ability in retreating, and getting out of an enemy's way.

Bravo thought to himself, "It holds to reason, since that little chick isn't afraid of such a powerful dog as I am, that there must be help near at hand." And, sure enough, hardly had Bravo thought this, when from behind some rushes ran out an old hen, followed by four, five, six chickens; and the old hen, with her feathers all ruffled, went right at Bravo, while the chicks stood behind sharpening their bills, and getting ready to join in the battle with their mother.

Although the most courageous of dogs, it could not be expected that Bravo would be so foolhardy as to make a

Digitized by Google



"TOUCH MY CHICKS IF YOU DARE!"

Digitized by Google

stand against such odds. He paused a moment, with his mouth open, as the terrible old hen came at him; and then, seeing that the tide of battle was against him, he ran off as fast as he could to his master's door-step. But, though defeated, he showed his spirit by keeping up a frightful barking. The old hen and her chicks, however, were so stupid that they did not mind it much.

Indeed, the old hen, with her family, came up so near to the door-step, that Bravo was obliged to make a second retreat. This he did with such success and good generalship, that he escaped unhurt. Thus ended Bravo's first battle; and I think you will agree with me, that many a general with epaulets would not have done any better.

UNCLE CHARLES.

THE CATCHER CAUGHT.

First Sparrow (the one standing with both wings spread). — Oh, look here! Come all. See what has happened! Here is old Scratch-claw with his tail caught fast in the door.

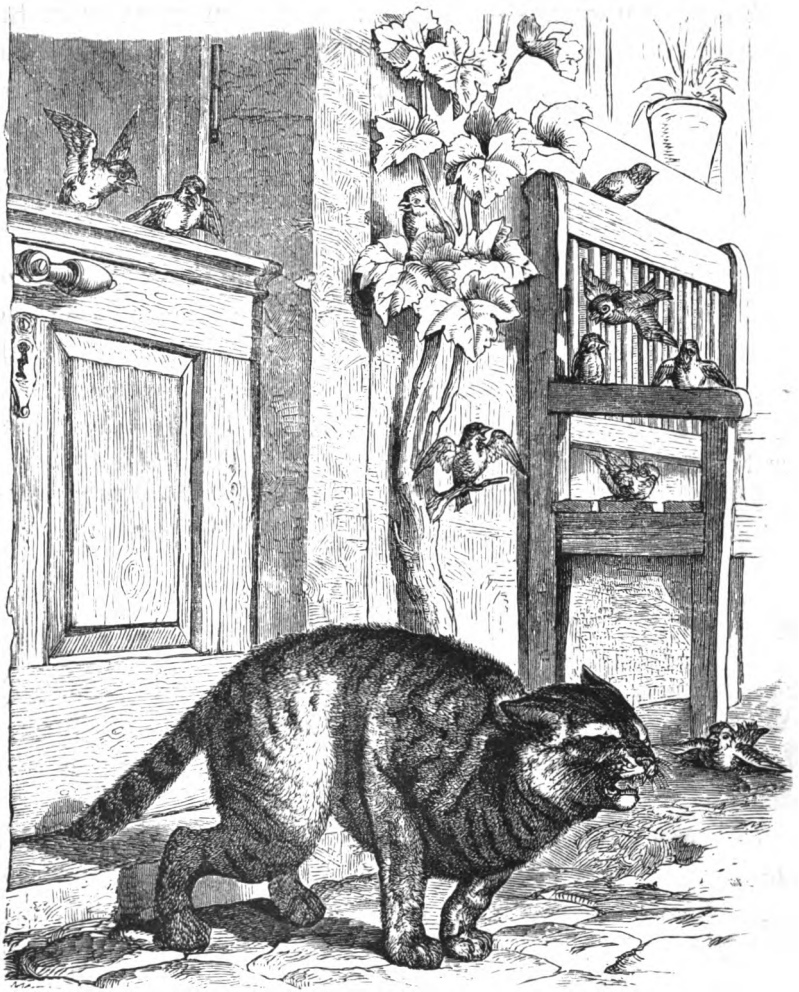
Second Sparrow. — Where is he? Let me see. Oh, isn't this jolly! Halloo, Sparrows! Come and see. Come one, come all.

Third Sparrow. — That's the rascal that killed and ate three of my little ones.

Fourth Sparrow. — He came near catching *me*, the other day. Didn't he spit viciously when he saw me get out of his way?

Fifth Sparrow (the one on the ground). — How are you, old Sneezer? How are your folks? Don't you find yourself comfortable?

Digitized by Google



Pussy. — Siss-ss-siss-ss ! Mee-ow, mee-ow !

Fifth Sparrow. — Oh ! wouldn't you like to, though ? Spit away, old fellow ! It's music to us sparrows.

Sixth Sparrow. — You are the brute that killed my dear little Spotted-wing.

Digitized by Google

Seventh Sparrow. — He also murdered my precious little Twitterwit.

Eighth Sparrow. — He is a bad fellow; and it is not surprising he has come to grief.

Ninth Sparrow. — Pull away, old boy! Sha'n't we come and help you? I love you so, I would like a lock of your hair.

Tenth Sparrow (the one on the lowest bough). — Children, hush! It is not good sparrow morality to jeer at an enemy in affliction, — even a cat.

Fifth Sparrow. — O grandfather, you shut up your bill! Just you go within reach of his claws, and see what cat-gratitude is.

Tenth Sparrow. — My children, we must not exult over the pains even of an enemy. A cat has feelings.

Pussy. — Siss-hiss-hoo! Mee-ow! Fitt! Fitt!

Fifth Sparrow. — What a lovely voice!

Sixth Sparrow. — The expression of his face, too, how charming!

Tenth Sparrow. — Fly back, all of you, to your bushes and trees; for here comes a little boy who will see that Pussy is rescued.

First Sparrow. — Well, I wouldn't have missed this spectacle for a good deal.

Fifth Sparrow. — It is better than Barnum's exhibition any day.

First Sparrow. — Yes, and it costs us nothing.

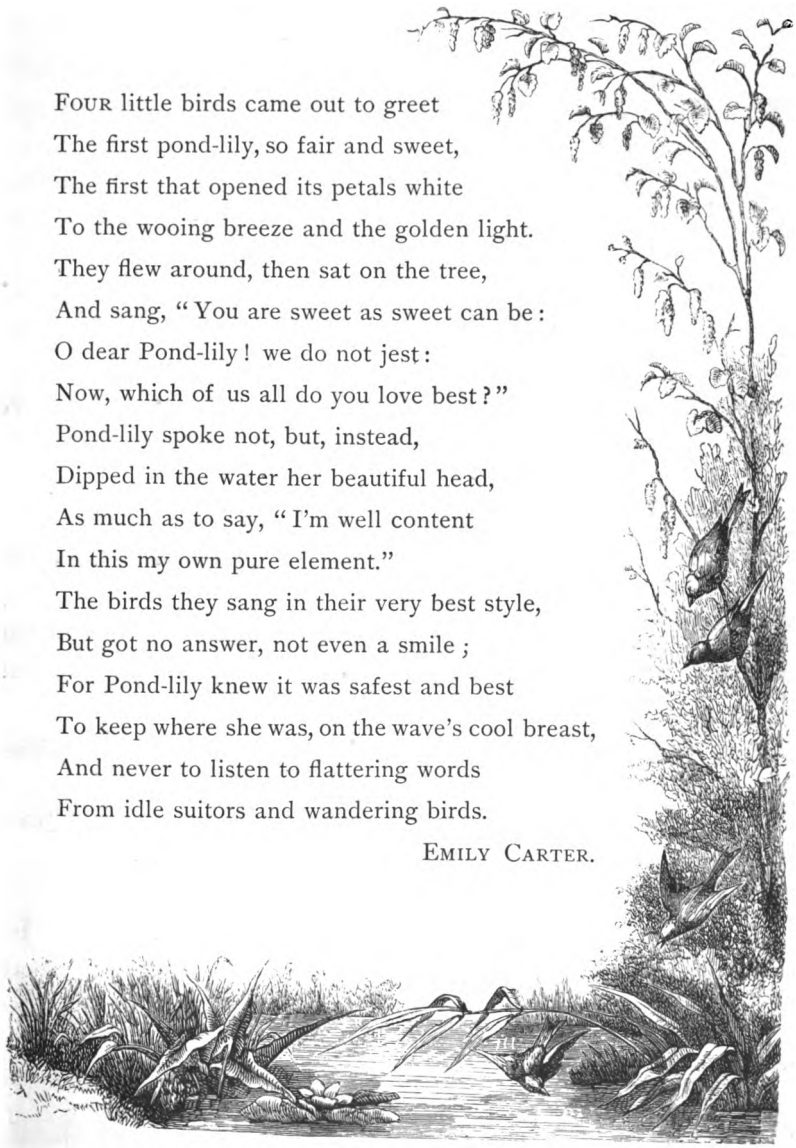
Tenth Sparrow. — There! Fly away, all of you! Fly away! You have said enough. I am ashamed of you all. You ought to know better than to be revengful. You are quite as bad as boys and men.

Fifth Sparrow. — Grandfather is getting to be abusive. Let us fly off. Good-by, Pussy! Pull away!

ALFRED SELWYN.

Digitized by Google

THE BIRDS AND THE POND-LILY.

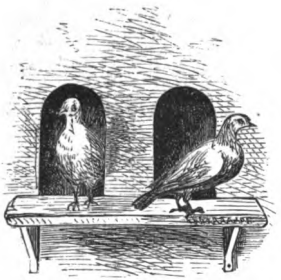


FOUR little birds came out to greet
The first pond-lily, so fair and sweet,
The first that opened its petals white
To the wooing breeze and the golden light.
They flew around, then sat on the tree,
And sang, "You are sweet as sweet can be:
O dear Pond-lily! we do not jest:
Now, which of us all do you love best?"
Pond-lily spoke not, but, instead,
Dipped in the water her beautiful head,
As much as to say, "I'm well content
In this my own pure element."
The birds they sang in their very best style,
But got no answer, not even a smile;
For Pond-lily knew it was safest and best
To keep where she was, on the wave's cool breast,
And never to listen to flattering words
From idle suitors and wandering birds.

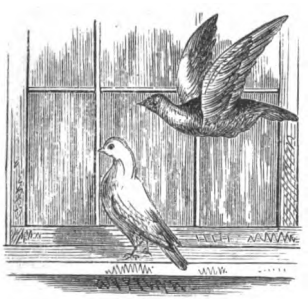
EMILY CARTER.

Digitized by Google

EDWIN'S DOVES.



EDWIN has two doves. They were given to him by his uncle. He has a nice little house for them. There are two doors in it, where they go in and out. In front of the doors there is a shelf, on which they perch.



The doves are free to go where they please; but they always come home at night. They are quite tame. Sometimes they fly up to Edwin's window, and light on the sill. They tap on the pane to let him know they are hungry.

Digitized by Google



Then he opens the window, and feeds them. He gives them corn, crumbs of bread, and sometimes oats. They like the corn best. One of them is rather apt to be greedy; and both get so much to eat that they are very plump and fat.

Here are the doves looking at the turkeys. They do not know what to make of such birds.

W. O. C.



Digitized by Google



THE LITTLE FORTUNE-SEEKERS.

YOUNG as Alan was, he had heard from his uncle Paul many a story about people seeking their fortune: so, one fine summer day, he set off with his brother Owen and his sister Amy a-fortune-seeking. Alan carried a stick; and Amy had a little basket on her arm.

Alan led the way, telling Owen and Amy to keep close to him, and to fear nothing. As they passed by Lakin's pond, a duck gave a loud quack; when they came to the great ash-tree, a bee buzzed by them: but neither the quacking nor the buzzing frightened the bold Alan; and on he went, holding up his stick.

They had almost reached the sawyer's cottage, when a black animal ran out towards them. Alan asked if he should attack the tiger? Owen would have it that it was only a puppy dog: but Alan said that did not matter; for it had four legs and a head and a tail, and so had a tiger. Owen thought

Digitized by Google

he had better let it alone; and Amy tamed the tiger at once by giving it a bit of bread from her basket.

Suddenly they came to a spot where five or six geese and a few goslings were waddling about. The gander came towards them, stretching out his neck, and hissing loudly. Owen and Amy ran back, followed by Alan, who told them, that, if he had hit the gander with his stick, he would have frightened the goslings.



As there was a stile near, leading into a field, they all got over the stile, and thus passed the geese.

"I wonder how that gander would like it," said Alan, "if I were to turn back, and lay hold of him by his long neck, and shake him?" Amy begged of him by no means to think of such a thing; and so Alan told her that he would not. Little did the gander know of his narrow escape!

Ah, me! what perils await those who go on their travels to seek their fortunes! A little brook was now before them; and Alan said, "This river must be crossed, and I hope that

Digitized by Google

none of us will be carried away by the current. What we shall do if an Indian springs from behind the bushes, or a crocodile comes out of the sedge, I don't know. Here is the narrowest part of the river. I will lay my stick across it; and, if we make believe very much, it will do for a bridge."

"But I can't walk along your stick," said Amy. "Never mind that," said Alan: "a bridge is a bridge, whether we walk along it or not." So Alan laid his stick across the narrow part, and then jumped over the brook, followed by Owen and Amy. No Indian sprang from the bush, no crocodile came out of the sedge; and the river was crossed without one of them being drowned.

All at once it came into Alan's head that Uncle Paul had once been attacked by a wolf, and that they ought to have an adventure of the same kind: he therefore asked Owen if he would consent to be eaten up by a wolf. Owen said he did not like it: he thought Alan ought to be eaten, for he was the biggest. Alan said that would never do; for then there would be nobody to care for him and Amy.

But, besides this difficulty, there was another: they had no wolf; and, where to get one, they did not know. At last it was settled. Owen was to be the wolf, and to spring on Amy; but before he had eaten her up, or even so much as snapped off her little finger, Alan was to rush upon him with his stick, and drive him back into the woods.

Amy was now left alone, that Owen might get behind one bush, and Alan behind another. No sooner was this done, than, with her basket on her arm, she went on her journey.

And now Amy was almost come to the bush behind which Owen was crouching. For a moment she made a stop, as though she hardly durst go by; but at last she went on. Suddenly the wolf leaped out, and caught hold of her.

Digitized by Google

What was poor Amy to do? Well was it for her that Alan happened to come up. Many people are frightened at wolves; but Alan did not seem frightened at all.

It was a hard struggle; for the wolf pulled poor Amy one way, and Alan pulled her the other; but at length Alan won the day. "Shall I kill the wolf, Amy?" cried he, lifting up his stick. "No, no!" cried Amy: "he has not hurt me a bit. He is not a real wolf, but only my brother Owen."

The affair of the wolf having passed off so well, Alan



began to bethink himself of other adventures. So much had he heard from Uncle Paul about Indians, that his heart was set on going among them.

Both Owen and Amy wondered where he would find the Indians; but Alan said, "That thicket yonder is quite as likely a place to find them in as any that I know."

"We have not seen one yet," said Owen. "No," replied Alan: "Indians always get behind the trees." This made Owen and Amy look about them, as if they feared every tree had an Indian behind it.

Digitized by Google

Alan set off for the thicket, while Owen and Amy sat down to talk over their travels; but it was not long before Alan again joined them. Whether the Indians were absent on some expedition, or whatever else might be the cause, certain it was that Alan had found no Indians. He had, however, torn the leg of one of his stockings: so he asked Amy to bind up his wounds.

"But you have not hurt your leg," said Amy: "you have only torn a hole in your stocking."



"Never mind that!" replied Alan. "We are out on our travels, seeking our fortunes, and must make the most of every thing. Bind up my wounded leg.'

Little Amy tied up his leg with his handkerchief; and, considering that she had never bound up a wound before, it did her great credit.

It is due to Alan to say that the misfortune of his wounded leg by no means cooled his courage. "What is the use," said he, "of complaining? Those who go to seek their fortunes must learn to bear pain."

Digitized by Google

One of Alan's plans was to find a treasure; and, as they had neither spade nor pickaxe with them to dig for gold, he thought the best way would be for them to find a bag of money. Amy said, if they found a bag of money, she should like to take Dolly some. This being generously agreed to by Alan and Owen, they proceeded with their plan.

Alan took Amy's handkerchief, and tied up some grass in it. He then told Owen to go on a little way and drop it; and this Owen did. "Hi!" cried Alan, when he came up to the spot: "what have we here? Who would have thought that a merchant would have dropped a bag of money in such a place as this?"

All at once Owen and Amy bethought themselves that they had no right to the gold, as it belonged to the merchant who had lost it; but Alan met this objection by saying that they could easily inquire for the merchant as they went along, and give up the money if they found him. Thus pacified, Owen and Amy allowed Alan to lift the heavy bag of money into the basket: this he seemed to do with great difficulty.

But how was the basket to be carried with so heavy a weight in it? Said Alan, "Where there is a will, there is a way." A stick was procured, and passed through the handle of the basket, one end of it resting on Owen's shoulder, and the other end on the shoulder of Amy.

Alan with his leg tied up, leaning on his stick for support, hobbled onward; and Owen and Amy appeared to toil with might and main, bending under their load.

They had almost come to the turn by the birch-trees, when suddenly Dash, their own favorite dog, came barking joyfully towards them. At that very moment their parents were waiting for them with the pony-chaise at the end of the lane.

Digitized by Google

No sooner did our little fortune-seekers set eyes on the pony-chaise than off they set in a scamper, strangely forgetful of what had passed. It was wonderful to see how nimble Alan was in spite of his wounded leg; and with what ease Owen and Amy ran along with that heavy load of gold, which before had well-nigh weighed them down to the ground.

THE LITTLE STEPMOTHER.

THE little stepmother, with her blue eyes and rosy cheeks, sat in the yard, surrounded by her pets, and busily paring some apples.

From heaven blew the morning wind, and greeted the lovely child: "Little stepmother, I will by thee remain: I will make the time pass merrily for thee, and cool thy red cheeks. Dost thou not hear?"

A sparrow sat before her on the bench, and twittered: "This is *my* place; my stomach is empty. Little stepmother, I am very hungry. I beg thee to give me some breakfast. Dost thou not hear?"

The dove swelled with anger, and said, "Go away, thou vagabond, thou beggar sparrow, thou glutton! — Little stepmother, I politely ask thee only for a sip of water. Dost thou not hear?"

The cat sat lost in thought, opening and shutting her eyes. "Little stepmother," said the cat, "my stomach, too, is empty. Go thou for some meat, or else look out that no harm comes to thy dear birds in the yard. Dost thou not hear?"

The little stepmother laughed, and said, "Be not so impatient! I must first make a dish of apple-sauce for the seven and seventy guests who are coming to my wedding-feast.

Digitized by Google



When they are all assembled, then shall the morning wind play for the dance. You, beloved birds, shall be my bridesmaids, and the cat shall be the bride's father."

Digitized by Google



A SUMMER DAY.

Words by GEO. COOPER. Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Moderato. *mf* *p*

VOICE AND PIANO.

1. This is the way the morn - ing dawns; Ro - sy tints on

f *p*

flowers and trees, Winds that wake the birds and bees, Dewdrops on the

f

fields and lawns,— This is the way the morn - ing dawns.

2.

This is the way the sun comes up:
Gold on brooks and glossy leaves,
Mist that melts above the sheaves,
Vine and rose and buttercup, —
This is the way the sun comes up.

3.

This is the way the birdie sings:
"Baby birdies in the nest,
You I surely love the best;
Over you I fold my wings." —
This is the way the birdie sings.

Digitized by Google



THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Digitized by Google

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.



NCE there was a good mother whose chief prayer for her little boy in his cradle was that he might have a loving heart. She did not pray that he might be wise or rich or handsome or happy or learned, or that others might love *him*, but only that *he* might love.

When that little boy, whose name was Edward, grew up, it seemed as if his mother's prayer had been answered, and that, in making it, she had been wiser than she knew or dreamed.

She had not prayed that he might be *wise;* but somehow the love in his heart seemed to make him wise, and to lead him to choose what is best, and to remember all the good things he was taught.

She had not prayed that he might be *rich;* but it turned out that he was so anxious to help and serve others, that he found the only way to do that was to get the *means* of helping: and so he became diligent, thrifty, and prompt in business, till at last he had the means he sought.

Edward's mother had not prayed that he might be *handsome;* but there was so much love and good-will manifest in his face, that people loved to look on it: and its expression made it handsome, for beauty attends love like its shadow.

The prayer had not been that he might be *happy;* but —dear me! how can there be love in the heart without happiness? Edward had no time for moping discontent, for revenge, or anger. He was too busy thinking what he might do for others; and, in seeking *their* happiness, he found *his own*.

But was he *learned?* Of course, when he found it pleased

Digitized by Google

his parents to have him attend to his studies, he did his best: and though there were many boys quicker and apter than he, yet Edward generally caught up with them at last; for love made him attentive and earnest.

But last of all, though Edward loved others, did others love him? That is the simplest question of all. You must first *give* love if you would *get* it. Yes: everybody loved Edward, simply because he loved everybody. And so I advise those little boys and girls who think they are not loved, to put themselves the question, "But do you love?"

EMILY CARTER.

CHARLEY'S. OPINION.

THE girls may have their dollies,
Made of china or of wax:
I prefer a little hammer,
And a paper full of tacks.

There's such comfort in a chisel!
And such music in a file!
I wish that little pocket-saws
Would get to be the style!

My kite may fly up in the tree;
My sled be stuck in mud;
And all my hopes of digging wells
Be nipped off in the bud:

But with a little box of nails,
A gimlet and a screw,
I'm happier than any king:
I've work enough to do.

ANNA E. TREAT.

Digitized by Google

COOSIE AND CARRIE.

COUSIN CHARLES said, "Come and see the sheep." So I went to where he was standing on the front porch, and calling "Co-nan, co-nan, co-nan!" The gate was open; and the sheep and lambs were coming into the yard.

I asked, "Why do you tell John to drive the sheep into the yard?" Charles answered, "Because it has been raining hard; and the brook in the meadow has grown so big, that I am afraid the sheep will get drowned in it.

"Last year we found a sheep lying dead in the brook. Her two lambs were standing near by, crying for her. We took them to the house, and fed them with milk. We named them Coosie and Carrie. Mother can tell you about them."

Then I ran to auntie, and said, "Oh! tell me all about Coosie and Carrie." So my aunt told me about them; and this is what she said: —

When the two little lambs were first brought in, Mary, the cook, made a nice bed for them in one corner of the kitchen. Then she put some warm milk in a bottle, and took one of the lambs up in her lap and fed it. Oh, how pleased it was! And the other lamb stood by crying until its turn came.

The lambs soon grew fat and strong, and ran about the yard. But they made themselves quite at home in the house; and we could not keep them out.

One day I went into my room; and there were Coosie and Carrie jumping up and down upon my spring-bed.

I sat down and laughed heartily; and the lambs kept on jumping, and looked as if they were trying to laugh too. But I could not have such saucy lambs about the house any longer: so they were driven to the meadow with the rest of the flock.

Auntie and I laughed again to think of the lambs' frolic;

Digitized by Google

and I said, "O auntie! how I wish they would eat out of my hand now! Do you think they will?"

"I am afraid not," said she. "They have been with the flock a whole year, and I suppose are no longer tame; but you can try. Take some apples to them."

So, with some apples in my hand, I went out, calling "Co-nan, co-nan!" The sheep were afraid, and walked away, crying "Baa-a-ah;" and the little lambs answered, "Baa-a-ah."



I followed slowly; and at last one sheep stood still. I went up close to her, calling "Coosie, Carrie!" for I knew it must be one or the other. She ate the apples out of my hand, and let me pat her head, and feel her soft wool.

The next time I went out with apples, two sheep came to my call. They looked exactly alike to me; but Mary told me which was Coosie, and which was Carrie. After that,

Digitized by Google

they did not wait to be called, but came running up as soon as they saw me.

When the sheep were driven away into the meadow-lot again, I stood near the gate to see them go. The old sheep walked along quietly; but the lambs jumped and frisked about, and kicked up their heels in a very funny way. The sheep called out "Baa-a-ah!" and the lambs answered, "Baa-a-ah!" and sometimes it sounded like "Maa-a-ah."

Coosie and Carrie ran up, and licked my hand as I said good-by. Now, were they not dear little pets?

A. F. A.



THE FOURTH OF JULY CAKE.

Fred. — Oh! look here, Bessy and Maggy: come and see the splendid Fourth of July cake that mother has made!

Bessy. — You must not touch it, Fred: mother will be displeased if you touch it.

Fred. — I want to see if she has salted it well. Look at the currants and the raisins!

Bessy. — And how nicely it is sugared and frosted!

Maggy. — Me see; me see!

Fred. — There! Maggy has put her whole hand in. What will mother say?

Bessy. — It will do no harm now for me to taste it.

Fred. — Isn't it nice?

Digitized by Google



Maggy. — Me want plum.

Bessy. — Maggy mustn't stick her hand in. She will spoil mamma's nice cake.

Maggy. — Me want taste. You and Fred taste.

Fred. — Hark! I hear mother's step on the stairs. Now scatter, all three! Lick your fingers clean, and run.

Bessy. — I wish we hadn't touched the cake.

(*Enter* MOTHER.)

Mother. — What's this? Who has been at my cake, — my cake that I took so much pains to make handsome?

Bessy. — Fred wanted to see if it was properly salted.

Digitized by Google

Mother. — Here's the mark of Maggy's hand! And here's a deep hole which Fred's naughty finger must have made! And here, Bessy, are your marks. I'm ashamed of you all. Meddling with my nice cake without leave.

Bessy. — I'm very sorry I touched it, mother.

Fred. — So am I; but I wanted to see if it was well seasoned.

Mother. — Well seasoned, sir? You deserve to be well seasoned with a rod. Now, your punishment shall be, not to taste a crumb of this nice cake, any one of you. I shall give it to the poor family opposite.

Fred. — Hoo-oo-oo-oo! Oh, don't!

Maggy. — Don't, mamma; don't!

Bessy. — Such a beautiful cake!

Mother. — The cake shall be given to the poor; and you must be contented with your bread and water.

Fred. — Forgive us this once, mother. Remember it's the Fourth of July, — a day when we all want to be jolly.

Mother. — They who would be jolly, must begin by being good. The cake goes to those who need it much more than we do.

(*The children all cry.*)

ALFRED SELWYN.



Digitized by Google



WHAT was the song of the meadow brook,
As under the willows his way he took?
Wouldn't you like to know?
"Let me play a while as I will:
By and by I must turn the mill,
As farther down I go.

"Daisies, hanging over my side,
Beautiful daisies, starry-eyed,
Kiss me for I must go!
But think of me as I turn the wheel,
Grinding the corn into powdery meal
And drifts of golden snow."

A. D. W.

Digitized by Google



HOW OUR SCHOOL CAME TO HAVE THE NURSERY.

THERE are fifty little boys and girls who go to the Blank street Primary School. Brown heads, black heads, yellow heads, all shades of heads, may there be seen studying their A, B, C. Some are very pretty, and some are very plain; but they are all good children. I think so, and I ought to know; for I am their teacher.

Well, they read and sing and spell; and some of the larger ones write a little. But we all get tired of doing the same thing day after day; and I felt that my little pupils needed a change.

So, one day, I said to them, "If you will each of you learn a little verse so as to say it very nicely, we will have a good time next Saturday morning. There shall be no lessons, — nothing but speaking and singing."

Some of the little children looked as if they did not know

Digitized by Google

what I meant. But the older ones came to me, one after another, and said, "Please find a piece for me to learn."

So I undertook to find pieces for them all. I thought that was an easy thing to do; but, when I came to try it, it proved to be a hard task. I looked through all my books and papers, without finding much of any thing to suit me.

I was almost ready to give up the whole plan, when a bright little boy handed me a book with a green cover, and said, "I think there are some nice pieces in this."

I took the book, and looked it through. First I looked at the pictures; and they pleased me so well, that I turned back to the first page, and began to read. The more I read, the better I liked it; and, before I got to the end, I was delighted.

"Why, Johnny," said I, "I thank you for bringing me this. It is the very thing we want."

I sent out at once, and bought twelve back numbers of "The Nursery;" and, before Saturday morning came, each of the children had learned a piece from them by heart.

Since then "The Nursery" has been in regular use in our school; and we depend upon having a new number every month. Every one of the children wishes to be the owner of a copy: so I think we shall soon make up quite a large club.

E. H.

WHERE THE DANDELIONS WENT.

When Willy was two years old, he lived in a red farm-house with a yard in front of it. The dandelions were very thick there; so that the yard looked yellow, instead of green.

One bright morning Willy's mamma put on his straw hat, and sent him out in the yard to play. She knew the yard

Digitized by Google

had a high fence; and he could not open the gate; so he was safe.

When it was time for him to have a nap, and mamma went to call him, she noticed that a great many of the dandelions were gone. She wondered where they were; but, as Willy could not talk much, she did not ask him about them.

A short time after, while Willy was asleep in his crib, his mamma went out to draw some water. When the bucket came up full of water, the top was all yellow with dandelions. Looking down into the well, she could see no water at all, only dandelions.

It was no wonder, then, where the blossoms had gone. Willy had been very busy *trying to fill up the well!*

L. W. GAY.

THE BIRD'S-NEST.

LAST summer little Josie, with her papa and mamma, went into the country to spend a few weeks with her grandmother. Grandmother lives on a farm; and Josie had many happy times, tumbling about in the hay, hunting hens' eggs in the barn, and watching the birds and squirrels.

One day her papa told her that he had found a bird's-nest in the orchard, with some queer little birds in it. Of course, Josie was very anxious to see it; but papa was too busy to go with her then: so mamma said that she would go.

Josie clapped her hands, and said, "Oh! you are a good mamma;" and they started at once for the orchard. A pair of kingbirds had built a nest on a low branch of an apple-tree; and in the nest were two little baby-birdies. As soon as the old birds saw Josie and her mamma coming, they began to scold, and fly about in great alarm.

Digitized by Google



I guess the father-bird said, "Oh, dear! here come some giants; and, if we are not very fierce, they will steal away our babies. So, mother-bird, you just sit here on this cherry-tree, and scream, while I stand ready on the apple-tree to fly at them if they come near our nest."

Josie and her mamma walked slowly along, not knowing how angry the kingbirds were getting, until they came to the apple-tree. "Here is the nest, Josie," said mamma; and they went close to the tree. But the mother-bird began to scream, and fly about, and seemed to feel so badly, that mamma said, "We will go away from the nest, Josie; for we are making the old bird unhappy." But Josie said, "Oh! do let me take just one peep at the little birdies. Do, mamma, hold me up to the nest just once!"

Now, all this time the father-bird had kept so still that they did not know he was on the tree just above their heads;

Digitized by Google

but, as soon as mamma lifted Josie so that she might look into the nest, he flew straight down at them, pecked at Josie's hands, pulled mamma's hair, and beat her face with his wings. Josie was frightened, and began to cry; but mamma held her close in her arms, and ran away from the tree as fast as she could.

When they reached the gate, and stopped to rest, they heard the old birds talking it over. I guess the father-bird said, "There! I've driven those wicked thieves away. They'll never dare to come here again." And the little birds began to cry, "Tweet, tweet!" And the mother-bird sat down in the nest, and said, "There, darlings, just tuck your little heads under my wings and go to sleep. No one shall harm my dear babies."

Josie says, "I think they were real cross not to let a little girl just *look* at their babies." But I think they were brave birds to take such good care of their little ones. What do you think about it, little "Nursery" folks? JOSIE'S MAMMA.

MEDITATIONS OF A SHUT-OUT ONE.

WELL, now, do you call that good manners? My master shut the gate in my face, as much as to say, "Stay where you are, Bob." Then he goes in to dine and play chess with the parson, and leaves me here to watch and wait.

Three hours, I do believe, I have been here on the watch, — three long, long hours. And there he sits yonder with the folks in the summer-house. The roast meat seems to be deliciously done, if I may judge from the odor. Just one little bone for me, if you please, good master mine.

What do I see? He gives a bone to that scamp Fido;

Digitized by Google



but for me, his trusty one, who, year in and year out, have guarded yard and stable so faithfully, — for me he has nothing, not even a mouthful! And here I sit hungering and thirsting till my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth.

But stop! I hear a whistle. Yes, it comes from my master. And there comes Betty with a whole plateful of bones in her hand! After all, there isn't a master like mine in all the world. I knew he wouldn't forget old Bob. Yes, here they come. Truly a patient waiter is no loser. Bow-wow!

FROM THE GERMAN.

Digitized by Google

DREAMING AND DOING.

AMY was a dear good girl in many things; but she had one bad habit: she was too apt to waste time in dreaming of doing, instead of doing.

In the village where she lived, Mr. Thornton kept a small shop, where he sold fruit of all kinds, including berries in their season.

One day he said to Amy, "Would you like to make some money?"

"Of course I would!" said Amy; "for my dear mother often has to deprive herself of things she needs, so that she may buy shoes or clothes for me."

"Well, Amy, I noticed some fine ripe blackberries along by the stone walls in Mr. Green's five-acre lot; and he said that I or anybody else was welcome to them. Now, if you will pick the ripest and best, I will pay you sixteen cents a quart for them."

Amy was delighted at the thought, and ran home and got her basket, and called her little dog Quilp, with the intention of going at once to pick the blackberries.

Then she thought she would like to find out, with the aid of her slate and pencil, how much money she should make, if she were to pick five quarts. She found she should make eighty cents, — almost enough to buy a new calico dress.

"But supposing I should pick a dozen quarts: how much should I earn then?" So she stopped and figured that out. "Dear me! It would come to a dollar and ninety-two cents!"

Amy then wanted to know how much fifty, a hundred, two hundred, quarts would give her; and then, how much she should get if she were to put thirty-two dollars in the savings bank, and receive six per cent interest on it.

Digitized by Google



DREAMING AND DOING.

Digitized by Google

Quilp grew very impatient, but Amy did not heed his barking; and, when she was at last ready to start, she found it was so near to dinner-time that she must put off her enterprise till the afternoon.

As soon as dinner was over, she took her basket, and hurried to the five-acre lot; but a whole troop of boys from the public school were there before her. It was Saturday afternoon. School did not keep; and they were all out with their baskets.

Amy soon found that all the large ripe berries had been gathered. Not enough to make up a single quart could she find. The boys had swept the bushes clean. All Amy's grand dreams of making a fortune by picking blackberries were at an end. Slowly and sadly she made her way home, recalling on the way the words of her teacher, who once said to her, "One doer is better than a hundred dreamers."

ANNA LIVINGSTON.

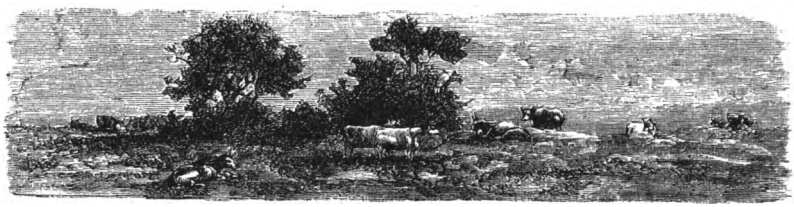
BOBOLINK.

BOBOLINK, Bobolink!
Are you tipsy with drink?
Or why do you swagger round so?
You've a nest in the grass
Somewhere near where I pass,
And fear I'll molest it, I know.

Bobolink, Bobolink!
Do you think, do you think,
I'd trouble your dear little nest?
Oh! I would not do that;
For I am not a cat:
So please let your mind be at rest.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS. AUNT CLARA.

Digitized by Google



PRAIRIE-DOGS.

ANNIE and her baby-brother went to ride with their papa and mamma. They crossed the river on a long bridge; and beyond it they saw horses and cows feeding on the green prairie.

"What are all these heaps of dirt for?" said Annie.

"We are just entering 'dog-town,'" said her papa; "and those are the houses of the inhabitants. Do you see the two little fellows sitting up on that mound?"

"Yes," said Annie; "but they look like little fat squirrels; don't they, mamma?"

Baby pointed his little chubby finger, and said, "Ish!"

"They are prairie-dogs," said mamma; "but are sometimes called the 'wish-ton-wish' and 'prairie marmot,' and sometimes 'prairie marmot squirrel.' It is like the marmot because it burrows in the ground, and like the squirrel because it has cheek-pouches."

"Well, what do they call them *dogs* for?" said Annie.

"Let us stop and watch them," said her papa. "Hark! do you hear them bark?"

"Yes: it is a little squeaking bark," said Annie. "It sounds like 'chip-chip-chip.'"

"Now see," said her papa, "how funnily that little fellow sits up, with his fore-paws hanging down, and watches us."

Annie shook the whip; and the prairie-dog scampered into

Digitized by Google

his hole. Up he popped his head again in a moment, and jerked his short tail, and barked.

This seemed a signal for the whole town. On almost every mound appeared two or three dogs; and they set up such a barking and jerking of tails, that everybody in the wagon laughed and shouted.

"Now we will ride up close to the mound," said papa, as he started up old Fox, and sung a bit of the old song: —

"The prairie-dogs in dog-town
Will wag each little tail,
And think there's something coming
Riding on a rail."

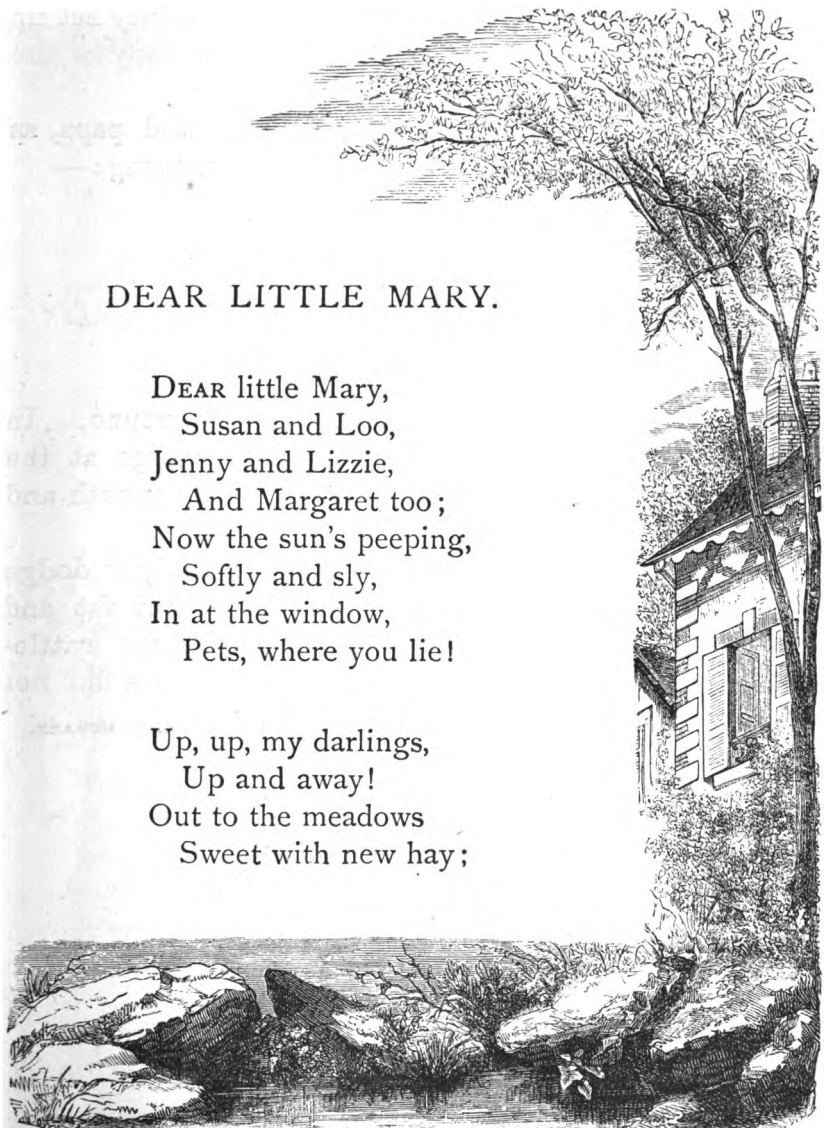
There were several bushels of dirt in the mound. In the centre of it was the hole, which was very large at the entrance. The earth all around was worn very smooth and hard.

Here the little dogs sit and bark and jerk, ready to dodge into their hole in a moment. They all looked fat and clumsy. Their color is reddish-brown. Owls and rattlesnakes are often found living with them; but Annie did not see any.

MRS. O. HOWARD.



Digitized by Google



DEAR LITTLE MARY.

Dear little Mary,
Susan and Loo,
Jenny and Lizzie,
And Margaret too;
Now the sun's peeping,
Softly and sly,
In at the window,
Pets, where you lie!

Up, up, my darlings,
Up and away!
Out to the meadows
Sweet with new hay;

Digitized by Google



Out where the berries,
 Dewy and red,
Hang in great clusters,
 High overhead!

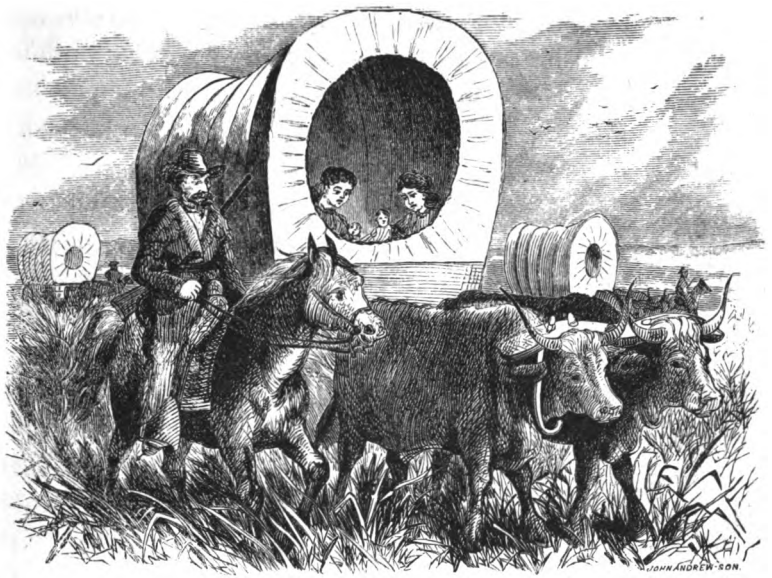
Out where the golden-rod
 Bends on its stalk,
And the wild roses
 Gladden our walk;
Where amid bushes
 Hidden but heard,
Joyous and grateful
 Sings many a bird.

Out where the waters,
 Merry and sweet,
Ripple and tinkle
 Close by your feet;
Where all things happy,
 Fragrant, and fair,
In the bright morning
 Welcome you there!

MATHIAS BARR.



Digitized by Google



A JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA.

Two little girls, Annette and Lisette, went to California with their parents in 1849. There was no Pacific Railroad at that time; and the journey across the plains was a long and a hard one.

Annette and Lisette rode in the great wagon drawn by oxen. They thought that fine fun. At night they slept in a tent. On pleasant days they walked with their mamma for miles over the green prairies, plucking wild-flowers as they went along.

They saw great numbers of the funny little prairie-dogs sitting in the doors of their cunning houses; sometimes they caught sight of an antelope; and they often passed great herds of shaggy buffaloes.

They liked the prairie-dogs and the antelopes; but they

Digitized by Google

were afraid of the buffaloes; and, when their papa went out to shoot one, they would almost cry for fear he would get hurt. But, when he came back with plenty of nice buffalo-meat, they had a real feast; for they had had no meat but salt-pork for many a day, and they did not like that very well.

Sometimes a storm would come up with fearful peals of thunder, and flashes of lightning. More than once the tent was blown down, and the rain came pouring on them; but the little girls put their heads under the bed-clothes, and crept close to their mamma, and never minded the storm.

After travelling in this way three or four months, they were still many, many days' journey away from California, and Annette and Lisette began to wish themselves back in their old home; for now the plains were no longer green and bright with flowers, but hot, sandy, and dusty, with only ugly little bushes, called "sage-bushes," growing on them.

Sometimes they would have to go all day without water; for the water was so warm and impure, that nobody could drink it, — not even the cattle. They saw several hot springs, so hot that they could not put their hands in them; but their mamma found them very nice for washing clothes.

Late in the fall they crossed the Sierra Nevada Mountains; and, oh! how steep and narrow and rough the road was! Often their papa had to fasten logs of wood to the wagons to keep them from going down the mountains too fast. Sometimes a wagon would upset, and go rolling down hill.

Yet the children enjoyed being in the mountains; for they liked to play under the tall pine-trees, picking up the cones, and hunting for lumps of pine-gum, and hearing all

Digitized by Google

the time the sweet music of the wind as it sang in the branches.

But in a few days the weather got very cold. Heavy snow-storms came on. One night twenty head of cattle were frozen to death; and as there were few oxen left, and the flour was almost gone, the little girls began to be very much afraid that they should perish too.

Luckily their papa shot some fat deer, which gave them plenty to eat; and, after many hardships, the whole party reached the Sacramento River in safety. Here they got on board of a flat-boat, and went to Sacramento City, where they lived in a tent for many months. I may some time tell you how they went to the mines.

A journey to California is a very easy matter now-a-days. You may go by railroad all the way, and have every comfort by day and night.

Annette and Lisette have made the journey more than once in a palace car; but they often think of the times when they were two happy little girls riding over the prairies in a baggage-wagon, or playing together under the mountain pines.

A. F.

SALT-LAKE CITY, UTAH.



Digitized by Google

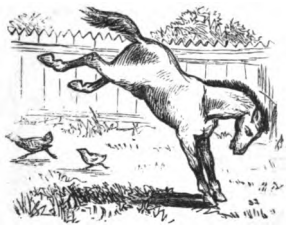
A LETTER TO GEORGE.

DEAR GEORGE,—I wish you were with me now on my farm.



We are having nice times. There is a little colt here that follows me all about. He does this because I give him apples. But I think he is more fond of the apples than of me.

One day I had nothing to give him; and this made him feel very



cross. He put back his ears, and kicked up his heels, and scared the chickens almost to death.

There are ten little chickens. One of them was sick; but it

Digitized by Google

has got better. One of them was running along the other day, and caught his foot in a string; the string caught on a bush, and held him fast; and there he was standing on one leg and struggling until I pulled the string off.



William and Jane are going down to Mr. Walker's to get a basket of apples. Come and see me, and I will give you some; and you shall make friends with the colt.

W. O. C.



Digitized by Google



THE BLACKBERRY FROLIC.

"WHY, where are you going, Nelly?" asked Martin Ray of his sister, as, with a plate of pudding for him, she entered his chamber where he was confined to his bed.

Poor Martin had broken his leg by a fall from a tree, and he had to keep very still.

"We have made up a blackberry-party," said Nelly. "The girls and boys are waiting for me at the door; and I can only stop a minute to say that you must be good, and not fret while I am away."

"Don't be late in returning home," said Martin; "for mother is going to take me down stairs for the first time, this afternoon; and I want to see you before I go up to bed."

"All the sweetest berries I can find shall be saved for you," said Nelly, as she tied the little scarf about her neck, put on her hat, and kissed Martin for good-by.

Nelly's companions were waiting impatiently for her at

Digitized by Google

the door; and, when she came, they raised a shout of "Here she is!" Then they set off, through a shady lane, on their walk to Squire Atherton's woods, along the borders of which the blackberries grew in great profusion.

Soon they came to a place where a brook crossed between two fields, with such a narrow plank for a bridge that some of the girls did not half like going over it; for the brook seemed to be quite full and deep.

"What a fuss you girls make about trifles!" cried Rob-



ert Wood. "Who but a girl would think of being frightened at a bridge like this?"

"Stop that, Robert," said Harry Thorp. "I will help them across in a way that will prevent all danger."

Harry plucked up a stout bulrush that grew near by, and held it out over the plank to the girls to serve as a kind of support for them to hold by. Susan Maples was the first to lay hold of the thick end of the bulrush, by which Harry led her across. Then the other girls followed; but, just as

Digitized by Google

Nelly got on, Robert Wood shook the plank, and tried to scare her.

He did not succeed in this; for Nelly was thinking of her dear brother at home with his broken leg, and she felt that she would not be afraid of a much more dangerous crossing than that over the plank.

After a walk of a mile, they came to the edge of the wood. "Jewels of jet! Look here!" cried Harry Thorp. "See the bouncers! Here's sweetness! Here's blackness! Here's richness!"



And, true enough, there they were. Never were high-bush blackberries finer or riper; but the largest and ripest seemed always the hardest to get at. The boys cut hooked sticks, with which they pulled down the branches; and their mouths were soon black with the juice of the berries. Then the girls began filling their baskets.

The sun was low in the west when Nelly remembered her promise to Martin, and said, "Now for home!" to which the rest cried, "Agreed!"

Digitized by Google

But the girls had not gone far before they began eating the berries from their baskets, and offering them to one another, — all but Nelly Ray. She did not eat any of her blackberries, nor did she give any away; and yet she had the best basketful of all.

She had, besides, a branch of a bush, with berries on it, which she was carrying very carefully; so that she kept a few steps behind the other girls.

When Nelly reached home, she looked in at the open door, and saw Martin down stairs for the first time since his accident. He was wrapped in shawls; and Nelly said, as she put the full basket on his knees, and waved the branch before his eyes, "Why, brother, they have wrapped you up so, and your face is so pale, that you look like a girl."

"Looks are nothing: behavior is all," said Martin, laughing. "Why, Nelly, what a splendid feast we shall have! What big ones! Thank you, dear, dear sister."

As she heard those words, and saw his pleased looks, Nelly felt she was well repaid for all her trouble. IDA FAY.



Digitized by Google

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Words by AUNT CLARA. Music by T. CRAMPTON, W. London.



2 "I don't like cold lamb;
Give me raspberry-jam:"
But old Mother Hubbard said, "No!
If a boy cannot eat
Such nice, wholesome meat,
To bed without food he must go."

3 So little Jack Horner,
Who cried in the corner,
Was washed clean, and put into bed:
After sleeping all night,
He awoke fresh and bright,
And was glad to eat plain meat and bread.

Digitized by Google



THE QUEER THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO NELLY.

Digitized by Google

THE QUEER THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO NELLY.



ELLY BURTON had been weeding in the garden nearly all the summer forenoon; and she was quite tired out. "Oh, if I could only be dressed up in fine clothes, and not have to work!" thought she.

No sooner had the thought passed through her mind, than, as she looked down on the closely-mown grass by the edge of the pond, she saw the queerest sight that child ever beheld.

A carriage, the body of which was made of the half of a large walnut-shell, brightly gilt, was moving along, dragged by six beetles with backs glistening with all the colors of the rainbow.

Seated in the carriage, and carrying a wand, was a young lady not larger than a child's little finger, but so beautiful that no humming-bird could equal her in beauty. She had the bluest of blue eyes, and yellow crinkled hair that shone like gold.

She stopped her team of beetles, and, standing upright, said to Nelly, "Listen to me. My name is Pitpat; and I am a fairy. I see how tired you are with work. Your father, though a good man, is a blacksmith; and there is often a smirch on his face when he stoops to kiss you. Your mother wears calico dresses, and doesn't fix her hair with false braids and waterfalls. Would you not like to be the daughter of a king and queen, and live in a palace?"

"Oh, yes, you beautiful Pitpat! I would like that ever so much!" exclaimed Nelly. "Then I should be a princess, and have nothing to do but amuse myself all day."

Digitized by Google

"Take the end of my wand, and touch your eyes with it," said the little fairy.

Nelly obeyed; and in a moment, before she could wink, she found herself in a beautiful room, with mirrors reaching from the ceiling to the floor. By these she saw that she was no longer clad in an old dingy dress, nor were her feet bare; but she had on a beautiful skirt of light-blue velvet, and a bodice of the most costly lace, trimmed with ribbons; while diamonds were in her hair, and a pair of gold slippers on her feet.

Servants were in attendance on her, one of whom said, "May it please your Highness, his Majesty, your royal father, is coming." Nelly's heart fluttered. The door opened, and, preceded by two or three lackeys, a pompous old gentleman entered, clad in rich robes, a golden crown on his head, and no smirch on his face.

But, dear me, instead of catching her up in his arms, and calling her his own precious little Nelly, his Majesty simply gave her his hand to kiss, and passed on.

The queen followed in his steps. Her hair was done up in a tower of top-knots and waterfalls; and there was drapery enough on the back of her dress to astonish an upholsterer. Instead of calling Nelly "her darling," as Nelly's first mother used to do, the queen merely said, as she swept by, "Where are your manners, child?" for you must know that poor Nelly had forgotten to courtesy.

Nelly put her face in her hands, and began to cry. "Oh, you cruel Pitpat!" said she, "why did you tempt me? Oh! give me back my own dear mother in her calico dress, my own dear father with the smirch on his face, my doll Angelica, my black-and-white kitten Dainty, and my own dear, dear home beside the lovely pond, where the air is so sweet and the bushes are so green."

Digitized by Google

"Take the end of my wand again, and touch your eyes with it," said the voice of Pitpat. And there on the carpet, in her little gilded carriage, stood the fairy once more with her wand held out. Nelly seized it eagerly, and touched her eyes.

"Why, Dainty, what are you about?" said Nelly, as she felt the kitten's head against her arm; and then, opening her eyes, she started to find herself in the old wood-shed, seated with her back against the door, Angelica in her lap, and the soft breeze from the pond fanning her cheek and bosom. She looked at her feet. Ah! the golden slippers had disappeared. "Dear me! I must have been dreaming," said Nelly.

IDA FAY.

ROSE'S SONG.

So it's hush-a-by, baby,
Hush-a-by now,
Mamma's gone to buy something good;
And she will not forget
Her own darling pet,
But will buy her a bonny blue hood:
Yes, she'll buy her a bonny blue hood.
Oh! she will not forget
Her own baby pet,
But will buy her a bonny blue hood.

Then it's crow away, baby,
Crow away, sweet,
Papa he is coming to-night;
And he'll bring home a kiss,
Like *this* and like *this*,
For his sweet little Minnie so bright,
For his dear little Minnie so bright.
Oh! he's many a kiss,
Like *this* and like *this*,
For his sweet little Minnie to-night.

GEO. BENNETT.

Digitized by Google



THE SIX DUCKS.

In the pond near Emily's house six tame ducks used to have a fine time swimming about, except in winter, when the pond was frozen. Emily had a name for each one of them. They used to run to her when she called; for they knew she loved them all, and would treat them well.

Among these six happy ducks there was a white one that was at one time of his life a wild duck. Emily named him *Albus;* for *albus* is Latin for *white.* I will tell you how Albus happened to become tamed.

Digitized by Google

"He was once on his way to the South with a large flock of his wild companions, when, as they were alighting near a creek, Albus was shot in the wing by Dick Barker, a sportsman who was out gunning. Dick ran with his dog Spot to pick up the poor wounded bird; but Albus was not so much hurt that he could not fly a little.

He flew and flew till he came to Emily's little garden; and then he fell at her feet, faint, but not dead, as if pleading for protection. Emily took him up in her arms, though she soiled her apron with blood in so doing. Dick and Spot came up; and Dick said roughly, "Give me up that duck."

"The duck has flown to my feet for protection; and I would be shot myself before I would betray him and give him up," said Emily. "I shall keep him, and heal his wounds."

Mr. Dick Barker scolded wildly; but it was of no use. He had to go off duckless. As for Albus, he soon grew well under Emily's tender care; but his wing was not as strong as it used to be: so he concluded he would become a tame bird, and not try to fly off again with his wild companions. He had a happy home, a kind mistress, and pleasant duck acquaintances. So, like a good sensible waddler, he was content.

EMILY CARTER.

Digitized by Google



THE BUNCH OF GRAPES.

"I AM thinking what I shall do with this beautiful bunch of grapes," said Reka Lane as she sat on the bench near the arbor. Her real name was Rebecca; but they called her, for shortness, Reka.

"I know what I should do with it," said little Matilda, who had been wading in the brook, and was without shoes and stockings. "I should divide it among the present company."

"Good for Matty!" exclaimed brother Henry. "The best use you can put grapes to is to eat them before they spoil. Come, Reka, divide, divide."

"I am not sure that I shall do that," said Reka.

Digitized by Google

"Look at that queer dog!" said Matty. "He has crept under the shawl on the ground, and looks like a head with no body to it."

"That shawl was left there the other day by old Mrs. Merton," said Reka. "The dog is her son's terrier; and his name is Beauty."

"He is any thing but a beauty," said Matty. "I think him the ugliest dog I ever saw."

"I suppose they call him Beauty to make up for the bad word he gets from every one as being ugly," said Reka. "He is a good dog, nevertheless; and he knows that shawl belongs to his mistress. — Don't you, Beauty?"

Here Beauty tore out from under the shawl, and began barking in a very intelligent manner.

"Now I will tell you what we will do," said Reka. "Put on your shoes and stockings, Matty, and we will all go and call on Mrs. Merton, who is ill; and we'll take back her shawl, and give her this beautiful bunch of grapes."

"Bow, wow, wow!" cried Beauty, jumping up, and trying to lick Reka's face.

When the children left Mrs. Merton's, after they had presented the grapes, Henry Lane made this remark, "I'll tell you what it is, girls, to see that old lady so pleased by our attention gave me more pleasure than a big feast on grapes, ice-creams, and sponge-cake, with lemonade thrown in."

DORA BURNSIDE.



Digitized by Google



A TRUE STORY ABOUT A DOG.

I AM a middle-aged gentleman who is blessed with only one child, a little girl now nearly six years old. Her name is Fanny; and her cousin Gracie, who is about the same age, lives with us.

Both of these little girls are very fond of having me tell them stories; and I have often told them about a dog I once had. They liked this story so much, that they made me promise I would send it to "The Nursery," so that a great many little girls and boys might hear it also. This is the story: —

When I was a little boy, not more than eight years old, my mother consented to my having a dog which a friend offered to give me. He was a little pup then, not more than five weeks old. I fed him on milk for a while, and he grew very fast. I named him Cæsar.

When he got to be six months old, he became very mischievous. Things were constantly being missed from the house. Handkerchiefs, slippers, shoes, towels, aprons, and napkins disappeared; and no one could tell what

Digitized by Google

became of them. One day Cæsar was seen going into the garden with a slipper in his mouth; and I followed him to a far-off corner where stood a large currant-bush.

I looked under the bush, and saw Cæsar digging a hole, into which he put the slipper, and then covered it up with earth. Upon digging under this bush, I found all the things that had been missed.

A neighbor's dog, called "Dr. Wiseman," was Cæsar's particular friend. One day we heard a loud scratching at the front-door; and, when we opened it, in walked Cæsar and Dr. Wiseman. Cæsar took the Doctor by the ear, and led him up to each of the family, just as if he were introducing him, and then led him into the garden, and treated him to a bone.

Although Cæsar did many naughty things, we all loved him; for he was quite affectionate as well as intelligent: but our neighbors complained of him because he chased their chickens, bit their pigs, and scared their horses. A farmer who came to our house one day with a load of potatoes took a great fancy to him. He wanted him for a watch-dog on his farm, which was only four miles from our house.

As he promised to treat him kindly, my mother thought it was best to let him have the dog; and I finally consented, although I believe I cried a good deal about it.

So Cæsar was put into the farmer's wagon, much against his will; and off he went into the country. About three months afterwards, when there was a foot of snow on the ground, there came a great scratching at the front-door of our house, early in the morning, before I was up; and, when the servant opened the door, in bounded Cæsar with a rope around his neck, and a large chunk of wood fastened to the other end of it.

He ran by the servant, and up the stairs, with the piece of wood going bump, bump, all the way, dashed into my room, jumped right up on my bed, and began licking my face.

I was very glad to see my dog again. He staid with us several days; and, when the farmer came for him, he lay down on the floor, closed his eyes, and pretended to be dead; but the farmer took him back to the farm in his wagon.

About a year and a half after that, when I came home for a vacation, we all went up to the farm, hoping to see Cæsar; but we never saw him again. The farmer had shot him, because he killed the chickens, and chased the sheep, and would not mind any thing that was said to him. Thus you see, children, that Cæsar came to a bad end, although he had every advantage of good society in his early youth.

LANSINGBURGH, N.Y. C. R. W.

Digitized by Google



A LITTLE TEASE.

I KNOW a little fellow
 Who is such a wilful tease,
That, when he's not in mischief,
 He is never at his ease:
He dearly loves to frolic,
 And to play untimely jokes
Upon his little sister,
 And upon the older folks.

He rings the bell for Sarah,
 And then slyly runs away;
And tries to make a fool of her
 A dozen times a day:
He hides away in corners,
 To spring suddenly in sight;
And laughs, oh! very heartily,
 To see her jump with fright.

When kitty's lying quiet,
 And curled up warm and snug,
This little fellow always feels
 Like giving her a hug;
And kitty from his fond embrace
 Would surely never flinch,
Did she not know the little tease
 Would give her many a pinch.

But this provoking fellow
 Has a very curious way
Of feeling rather hurt at tricks
 That other people play, —
Just like some older jokers,
 Who laugh at fun they make,
But never can enjoy the fun
 Of jokes they have to take.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Digitized by Google

PITCHER-PLANTS AND MONKEY-POTS.



PITCHER-PLANTS are so called, because, at the end of the leaves, the midrib which runs through them is formed into a cup shape; and in some it looks very like a pitcher or water-jug. You will understand this better if you look at the drawing.

There are various kinds of pitcher-plants. Some are shorter and broader than others; but they are all green like true leaves, and hold water as securely as a jug or glass. They grow in Borneo and Sumatra, hot islands in the East. The one shown in the drawing grows in Ceylon.

Some grow in America; but they are altogether different from those in Borneo and Ceylon. One beautiful little pitcher-plant grows in Australia: but this is also very different from all the rest; for the pitchers, instead of being at the end of the leaves, are clustered round the bottom of the plant, close to the ground.

All these pitcher-plants, though very beautiful to look at, are very cruel enemies to insects: for the pitchers nearly always have water in them; and flies and small insects are constantly falling into them, and getting drowned.

Monkey-pots are hard, woody fruits; some as large and round as a cannon-ball, and some shaped like a bowl. They grow on large trees in Brazil and other parts of South America; and the natives take out the seeds, and use the fruits for holding water, or to wash themselves in.

They are called monkey-pots because monkeys are very fond of the seeds. Some of the seeds are so good, that they are collected, and sent to London and other places, where they are sold in the markets. The Brazil-nut is one of them.

J. R. J.

Digitized by Google



UNDER THE CHERRY-TREE.

"Now is the time to pick the cherries!" shouted Charles as he came running in from the garden one July afternoon.

"Are they quite ripe?" said his mother.

"Ripe? I should think so. Just look at them!" answered Charles, pointing to the trees.

"O mamma!" said Mary, "the birds are getting them all. We must have them picked at once."

"Never fear, little girl," said her mother. "There will be enough for the birds and ourselves and our neighbors too. But it really is time to begin to pick them. So,

Digitized by Google

Charles, get a basket, and we will all go out under the cherry-tree."

So out they all went, — Charles and Mary and Ellen and Julia and Ruth; and mamma followed with the baby.

"I told the gardener to bring a ladder," said mamma. "He will be here in a moment, Charles. You can't pick cherries without a ladder, you know."

"Of course," said that saucy boy. "Nobody can pick cherries without a ladder." And with that he gave a spring, and in about half a minute had climbed up into the tree.

"Now, girls, hold your aprons," said he. And down came a shower of the delicious fruit.

Then what a glorious scramble those little girls had! How they laughed and jumped and knocked heads together in picking up the cherries! They ate as many as they wanted; and still Charles kept throwing down more.

"Have you had enough?" said he. "So have I. Now it's time to think about filling the basket. Ah! here comes the ladder at last, with a man under it.

UNCLE SAM.



Digitized by Google

SLEEPING IN THE SUNSHINE.



SLEEPING in the sunshine,
Fie, fie, fie!
While the birds are soaring
High, high, high!
While the buds are opening sweet,
And the blossoms at your feet
Look a smiling face to greet.
Fie, fie, fie!

Sleeping in the sunshine,
Fie, fie, fie!
While the bee goes humming
By, by, by!
Is there no small task for you,—
Nought for little hands to do?
Shame to sleep the morning through!
Fie, fie, fie!

Digitized by Google

RAMBLES IN THE WOODS.

RACHEL has been used to a life in the city, but she is now on a visit to her uncle's in the country; and she has fine times rambling through the woods and fields.

Her cousin Paul takes her to pick berries, and tells her the names of the things she sees. "Smell of these leaves," Paul will say, breaking a twig from a shrub, somewhat like a huckleberry-bush, and crushing the leaves in his hand. "This is the bayberry-shrub. How fragrant the leaves are! It bears a berry with a gray wax-like coating; and in Nova Scotia this wax is much used instead of tallow, or mixed with tallow, to make candles."

"But what is this little red berry on the ground?" asked Rachel once when they were on one of their rambles. "It has a dark glossy leaf; and I like the taste and the smell of it very much."

"That is the checkerberry," said Paul. "Some people call it the boxberry; and some call it wintergreen. It has a flavor like that of the black birch. It is used to scent soap, and sometimes to flavor candy. It is an evergreen plant."

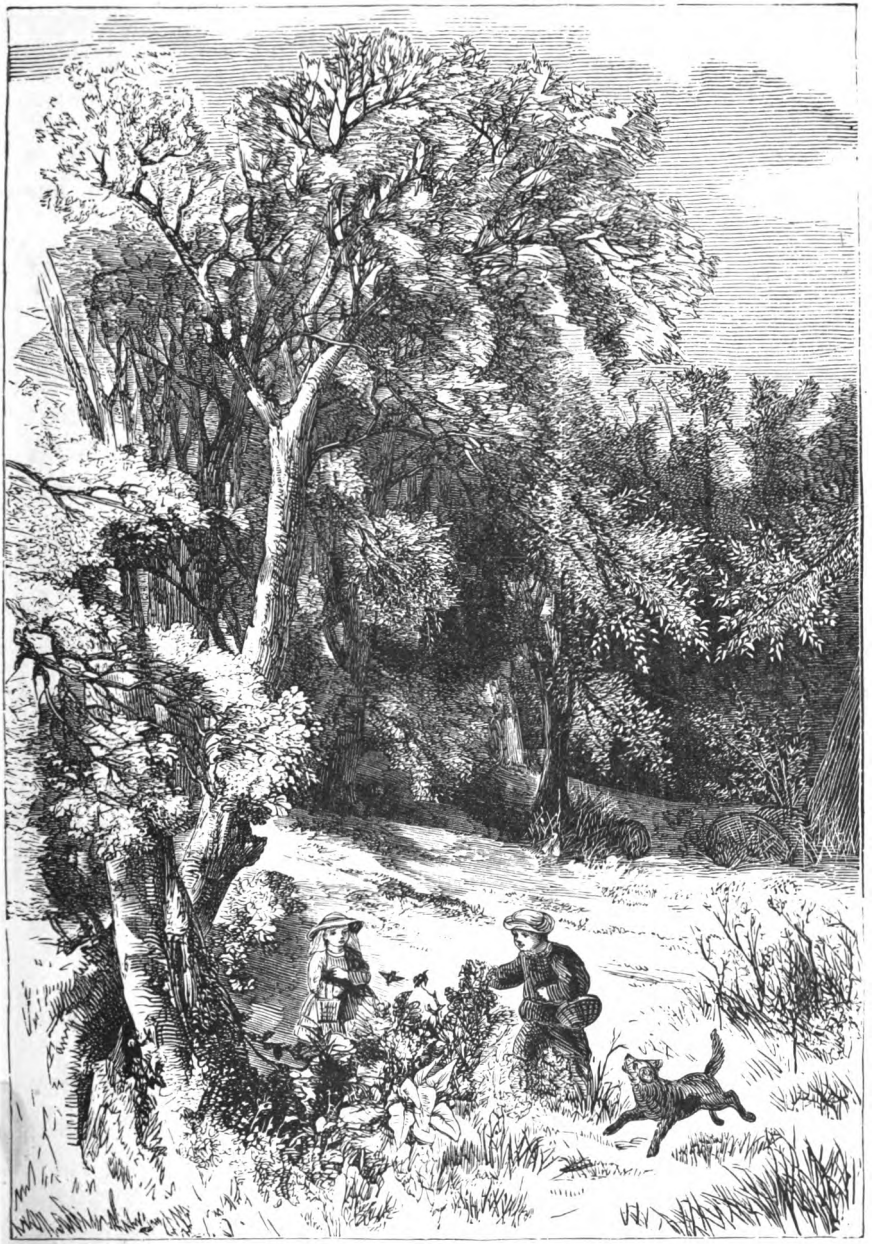
"What do you mean by an evergreen?" asked Rachel.

"I mean, it is green the whole year round: it does not dry up and fall off, like the leaves of the strawberry-plant," said Paul.

"What other sweet-smelling plants are there about here?" asked Rachel.

"Did you ever taste the bark of the sassafras-tree?" asked Paul. "If not, here is one; and I will break off a twig for you to chew. The color of the inner bark, near the root, is red, like cinnamon. A beer is made from it; and it is also used in soaps."

Digitized by Google



RAMBLES IN THE WOODS.

Digitized by Google

"I like the odor of it very much," said Rachel.

"Here is a black-birch tree," cried Paul. "Some people call it the sweet-birch. I will cut off a piece of the bark for you to taste."

"Why, it tastes like checkerberry-leaves," said Rachel.

"Yes," replied Paul. "It is a beautiful tree, and is good for fuel. But here is a white-birch. See how white the bark is! It grows on poor land, and is a very pretty tree when well taken care of."

Here there was the sound of a horn; and Rachel asked, "What is the meaning of that sound?"

"It means that we must run home to dinner," said Paul. "So give me your hand, Cousin Rachel. You need not be afraid of snakes. There are none here that can do any harm. Come, we will make a short cut through the grove to the house."

UNCLE CHARLES.



WHAT I SAW AT THE SEASHORE.

LAST summer I went to spend a few weeks at a quiet little island on the New-England coast. Every morning I used to go to the beach, and sit on the sands, and watch the blue sea with its sparkling waves, and listen to the surf breaking in white foam all along the shore.

On pleasant days the beach was lively with bathers, shouting and laughing as they plunged into the cool waves; and

Digitized by Google

little boys and girls playing in the clean sand, digging with their shovels, and loading and unloading their wagons, or picking up shells and sea-mosses to carry home.

On the brightest days of all, I noticed a pale-faced lady who came to sit a while in the sunshine, propped up with shawls and pillows. She always brought with her a little sky-terrier, of which she seemed as fond as if it had been a real baby.

After a while, I got acquainted with the invalid lady, and found that her name was Miss Dean, and that her dog was named Skye. He was a shaggy-looking little creature; but he had very bright eyes, and he knew almost as much as the children who played with him. He was very fond of his mistress, and very thoughtful of her comfort.

Let me tell you one thing about him that made me think so. Skye slept in the room with his mistress, on a soft cushion, with a little blanket spread over him; and in the morning, when he woke, if she was still asleep, he never disturbed her. He just sat up on his cushion as still as he could be, and watched her till she woke. As soon as she opened her eyes, he gave a little bark, for "good-morning," and sprang up on her bed, to be loved and petted.

Well, Skye was a good little dog; and we all learned to love him; and none of us would have hurt him for the world. But one day, as we were walking up from the beach, ladies and gentlemen and children and all, Skye ran down a lane, out of sight; and a thoughtless, wicked boy, who had a stone in his hand, and wanted to hit something with it, threw it with all his might at poor Skye, and broke one of his legs.

Skye cried out with the pain; and we all hurried back to see what was the matter. There we found him, whining and howling, and trying to limp along on three legs; and we just caught sight of the bad boy, running away far down

Digitized by Google

the lane. Miss Dean picked up her poor little darling, and carried him home.



Now, it happened that there was a very skilful surgeon staying at the hotel, who had come down to the island for a short vacation. Miss Dean sent for him, and begged him to set poor Skye's broken leg. He was a kind-hearted man, and could not refuse to use his skill to relieve the dumb little sufferer.

So Miss Dean took Skye on her lap, and stroked him gently, and talked lovingly to him, calling him "Poor doggy!" and "Dear Skye," while the doctor made the splints, and pressed the broken bones back into their place. Then the doctor sent for some plaster of Paris, and made a soft mortar of it, and put it all around the mended leg, and let it harden into a little case, so that the bones would have to stay just as he put them till they grew together again.

All the time the doctor was doing this, Skye kept as still as a mouse; but, when it was all done, the little creature laid his head on Miss Dean's shoulder, and cried great tears, just like a child. Miss Dean had to cry, too, at the helplessness of her poor dumb darling.

For a good many weeks, Skye could only hobble about on three legs, and had to keep still on his cushion, or lie on his mistress' lap, most of the time; but he was very patient. And at last, when the good doctor said it would do to re-

Digitized by Google

move the plaster and the splints, we did so; and Skye ran around the room as well and lively as ever. Wasn't he glad to have his liberty again!

MUZ-MUZ.



BLOSSOM AND I.

I WILL tell you a true story about my sister and me. I am five years old, and Fanny (papa calls her Blossom) is three.

We are in Germany now, but our home is in America; and, when I go out to play with the boys here, they call me "America." We came over the ocean in a big ship. Papa and mamma were seasick; but Fanny and I were not, and we liked to live on the water.



When mamma packed our trunks, I wanted her to put in my little pails and wheelbarrow; and she said there wasn't room, but that we could bring as many numbers of "The Nursery" as we pleased. So we brought all we had.

We have used them so much, that papa says they are not fit to be bound; but I don't want to put them away on a shelf to be kept nice. I like to have them every day; and so does Fanny.

Digitized by Google

When we were coming on the steamer, Fanny used to sit in the captain's lap, and tell him the stories.

Our auntie sends us a new "Nursery" every month. One



was lost, and we were very sorry; for we can't read other picture-books so well. Fanny always has a "Nursery" to take to bed with her; and in the morning, when I wake up, I hear her talking to the boys and girls in the pictures. C.



Digitized by Google



HOW NORMAN BECAME AN ARTIST.

THE landscape-painter sat on a camp-stool with an umbrella over his head. His palette and his box of paints were on the ground by his side. He was there to draw a picture of the village of F——.

Hardly had he begun his crayon outline when he heard a boy's voice behind him. "May I look on, sir?" said the boy. "Yes, look as much as you please, but don't talk," said the painter without turning his head.

Digitized by Google

The boy had a basket strapped to his back, and stood looking intently, with both hands resting on his knees. His name was Norman Blake. Other boys, and a young woman, soon came up, and joined him as spectators.

Norman studied every movement of the painter's hand; and, when he got home, he took a piece of charcoal, and tried to draw a picture on the wall. Rather a rough picture it was, but pretty good for a first attempt.

The next day Norman went again, and looked on while the painter sketched. "You've got that line wrong," cried Norman all at once, forgetting that the painter had told him not to talk.

"What do you know about it, you young vagabond?" cried the painter angrily. "Out of this! Run, scamper, and don't show your rogue's face here again! But stop. Before you go, come here, and point out what struck you as wrong."

Norman pointed to a certain line which made the village church seem a little out of its right place in the picture. The landscape-painter seized him by the ear, and said, "You little scamp, how did you find that out? You are right, sir! But what business have you to criticise my picture? I am hesitating whether to thrash you, or to make a painter of you."

"Make a painter of me, by all means;" said Norman, laughing; for he saw that the honest painter was only half in earnest.

Well, the end of it was, that Norman accompanied the painter to the city, and began to study drawing and painting. He succeeded so well, that, after he had been studying six years, he one day brought to his friend the painter the sketch which we have had copied above.

"Do you remember that?" asked Norman.

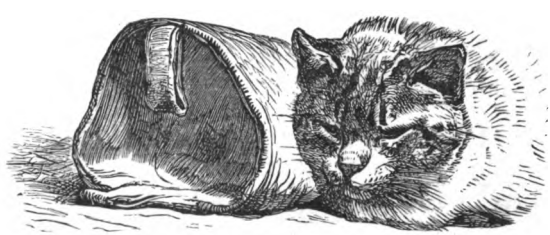
Digitized by Google

"Of course I do!" said the painter. "It represents our first meeting. Little did I think that the young vagabond with the basket on his back would one day beat me in sketching."

ALFRED SELWYN.



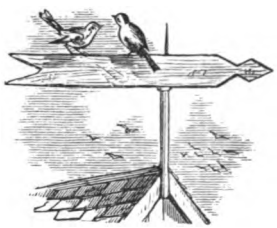
HURRAH! GREAT BOOT-RACE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



"NOW, WHEN SHE COMES OUT, I SHALL BE SURE OF HER!"

Digitized by Google

PICTURES FOR WALTER.



HERE are some birds having a ride on the weather-vane. The vane is on the top of the barn.

I should think it would make the birds dizzy to swing backwards and forwards. But they like it just as well as some boys like to swing on a gate.



Here is an old crow sitting on the fence. He is a sly old thief. There is a nest in the grass; and he is after the eggs. If you try to get near him, he will fly away, saying "Caw, caw, caw!"

Digitized by Google



The milk-maid set down her pail of milk, and went to the orchard. A little pig came along, and tipped the pail over; and the milk was all spilled. Never leave milk where a pig can get at it.

A woodpecker had a nest in a hollow tree. A boy climbed up to get the eggs; but the old birds flew at him, and pecked him, and made him get down. I am glad they drove him away. What right had he to meddle with their nest?

W. O. C.



Digitized by Google



THE FISHERMEN'S CHILDREN.

THERE were three children on the beach looking out to see the boats of the fishermen sail off to the fishing-grounds. Little Joe Bourne and his sister Susan stood side by side, watching their father's boat. Rachel, who was with them, was not their sister, but an orphan-child, whose grandfather, Mr. Harrison, was in one of the boats.

It was a windy day in November. The waves broke with a great noise on the shingly beach. Soon the wind rose higher: the sea rose too, and the rain fell fast. The children walked back to the village; and there the old men said, shaking their heads, "We shall have a storm."

That night, all the boats came safely back into the harbor, excepting the boat in which Rachel's grandfather had sailed. It was a long, sad night for poor Rachel. The next day and the next passed by; and no grandfather came back to take care of her, and find her in food and clothes, and carry her in his strong arms when she was tired out with walking.

Digitized by Google



Susan and Joe in their own house felt sad for the little orphan. One day their mother went to market. Baby was in the cradle, and Susan was rocking it, whilst Joe was cutting out a boat with an old jack-knife. The kettle on the stove began to sing; and Susan and Joe began to talk.

"Poor Rachel will have to be sent to the workhouse now," said Joe.

"I hope not," said Susan. "I hope father will give her a home in our own house."

"Why, he says he can hardly earn enough to feed his own family," said Joe.

"But can't we do something to help him?" asked Susan.

"I know of nothing children like us can do," said Joe.

When their mother came home, Susan begged so earnestly to have Rachel come and stay with them, that Mrs. Bourne at last replied, "Well, we will take her in for a week or two, and see; but mind, Susan, you must try and earn a little money somehow. You will now have less time to play on the sands, remember."

Digitized by Google



So Susan went and found Rachel, and brought her home to live with them all. The poor little orphan was a bright, joyous child. She had a strange hope that she should see her grandfather again; that he was not lost; for he had told her many stories of his escape from great dangers at sea.

"Why, grandfather was on a wreck once a whole week," said Rachel: "he was cast away once on an island where he had to live on clams a long while before he was rescued. I think we shall hear from him soon."

One day Joe caught a fine basket of perch from the rocks, and went round to try and sell them. But all the folks in the village told him they could get as many fish as they wanted without buying them. So Joe walked off to a town four miles away from the sea, and there he sold his fish.

He told a kind blind lady, to whom he sold some, that his sister wanted to get work, so that she could help a poor little orphan-girl. The kind lady sent Susan half a dozen handkerchiefs to hem; and the next morning Susan rose early, and sewed by candle-light, while the other children were in bed and asleep.

Digitized by Google



For three years the poor Bourne family gave Rachel a nice happy home in their little house; and they would have kept her longer, but one day, while the children were all playing on the beach, they heard a great shouting, and ran to see what it was about.

It was all in honor of Grandfather Harrison. He had come back, as Rachel had always said he would. He had been picked up at sea in his sinking boat by a ship bound for Australia. The old man was carried to that far country. He went to the mines, and helped some men dig gold. He made a good deal of money, thinking it would be a good thing if he could only be rich enough to send his dear little grand-daughter to school.

But Rachel was not the only one who was benefited by his good fortune. The Bournes shared in it. Joe and Susan, and all the rest of the children, were sent to school also; and they studied with a will. It was always a happy thought to Rachel that the great kindness of these good people did not miss its reward even in this life.

IDA FAY.

Digitized by Google



YOUNG LAZYBONES.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Cheerfully. *mf*

1. Young Lazybones is smooth and sleek, Young Lazybones is fat; His eye sits drowsing
in his cheek, And many a day has sat. Young La-zy-bones he keeps his state All
in his ea - sy chair, And tho' the time is get-ting late, He does not seem to care.

2. Then little Maggie sings to him,
And plays upon the harp;
While rapid Robert, keen and slim,
Cries, "Lazybones, look sharp!"
And Lucy tickles with her wand,
This sleepy, lazy boy;
And one and all with tricks and jokes
In teasing him take joy.

3. But Lazybones must take his nap
Before he goes to bed:
He does not move his weary limbs
Or lift his heavy head.
And though a dozen brewers' drays
Should rumble o'er the stones,
Not all the noise that they can make
Would rouse Young Lazybones.

Digitized by Google



THREADING THE NEEDLE.

Digitized by Google

THREADING THE NEEDLE.



HERE is Lucy all this while?" asked Mrs. Ludlow of Anna, the maid.

"I left her five minutes ago, trying to thread a needle," replied Anna.

"She is a long while about it," said Mrs. Ludlow. "Send her to me."

When Lucy entered the room, her mother asked her what she had been about; and Lucy replied, "I have been teaching myself to thread a needle."

"But you have been a long time about it," said mother.

"I will tell you why," continued Lucy. "When I went to walk with papa yesterday, he saw me get over a stone-wall, which I did rather clumsily: so he said, 'A thing that is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Let me teach you how to get over a wall quickly and gracefully.'"

"So he gave you a lesson in getting over walls, did he?"

"Yes, mother: he kept me at it at least half an hour; and now I can get over a wall as quickly and well as any boy."

"But what has getting over walls to do with threading a needle?"

"Only this: I thought I would apply papa's rule, and learn to do well what I was trying to do. So I have been threading and unthreading the needle, till now I can thread it easily."

"You have done well to heed your father's advice," said Mrs. Ludlow. "If you do not see the importance of it now, you will see it often in your life as you grow older."

It was not many months before Lucy comprehended how wise her father had been in training his little girl. She was gathering violets in a field one day, when she heard a

Digitized by Google

trampling sound, and, looking round, saw a fierce bull plunging and twisting himself about, and all the time drawing nearer and nearer to her. Suddenly he made a rush towards her in a straight line.

Not far off was a high stone-wall. It would once have seemed to Lucy a hopeless attempt to try to get over it before the bull could reach her; but now she felt confident she could do it: and she did it bravely. Confidence in her ability to do it kept off all fear; and she did not even tremble.

The bull came up, and roared lustily when he found she had escaped, and was on the other side of the wall. But Lucy turned to him, and said, "Keep your temper, old fellow! This child's father taught her how to get over a stone-wall in double-quick time. You must learn to scale a wall yourself, if you hope to catch *her*."

"Boo-oo-oo!" roared the bull, prancing up and down, but not knowing how to get over.

"Why, what a sweet humor you are in to-day, sir!" said Lucy, walking away, and arranging her bunch of violets for Cousin Susan as she went.

IDA FAY.



Digitized by Google

THE BUTTER SONG.

When I was a little boy, I often helped my mother when she was making butter.

I liked to stand in the cool spring-house, and churn for a little while; but I liked better to look out of the window, and watch the ducks swimming in the creek, or the little shiners and sunfish darting back and forth through the clear bright water.

Sometimes I would forget all about my work, and stand watching the insects, ducks, and fishes, until some one would call me, and tell me to go to work again.

One day I wanted to churn very fast; for my mother had told me that I might take a swim in the creek when my work was done.

So I sang a little song that our German girl Bertha had taught me. She called it the "Butter Song;" and here it is: —

Come, butter, come!
Little Harry at the gate
For his buttered bread does wait:
Come, butter, come!

Come, butter, come!
Fish for Lent, eggs for Easter,
Butter for all days, butter, come faster:
Come, butter, come!

I thought then, as Bertha told me, that if I sang that song a hundred and eleven times, and didn't stop churning once while singing it, the butter would soon be made. I believe so yet; but I think now, that the *steady work* had more to do with it than the song had.

S.

Digitized by Google



THE SINGING MOUSE.

HAVE you ever heard of singing mice? There are such creatures, you must know, or you will not believe what my verses will tell you. Yes, indeed: it was only the other day that I heard of one that was kept in a little cage, like those used for squirrels, and sang so delightfully that her owner used to have her by his bedside to charm him to sleep. She was a wood-mouse. Wood-mice are the best singers. Whether the one about which you shall hear came from the woods or not, I cannot say; nor how she happened to be in my friend C.'s house: but there she certainly was; and this is the story of what she did there. I call it,

SERENADE.

A certain friend William I have, who's so nice,
He's charming to every one, — even to mice.

You ask how I know it? Well, listen: I'll tell
Of something which proves it, that lately befell.

Digitized by Google

One night, when young William was snugly in bed,
A very queer notion came into his head.

He woke from his slumbers, quite sure that he heard
The musical warbling of some little bird.

He listened a moment: all silent, and then
The sweet little songster was singing again.

A lamp, dimly burning, gave light in the room:
Will raised his head softly, and peered through the gloom.

The door was wide open; and there, on the sill
(It's true, on my word: let them doubt it who will),

A mite of a mousie sat singing away
As sweetly as bobolink on a June day.

Erect on her haunches, her head in the air;
That Pussy might catch her she seemed not to care,

But sang till her sweet serenade was quite done;
Then ran away swiftly as mousie could run.

Now, said I not truly, that Willy's so nice,
He's charming to every one, — even to mice? S. C. B.



Digitized by Google



OUR PONY.

We have a pony whose name is Duke. He was very skittish when we first had him. There are four of us children who ride him, — Mamie, Winnie, Arthur, and myself. We have another little sister, Florence; but she is not old enough to ride, being only five years old.

Winnie is a nice little rider. Duke was Mamie's birthday present. We were all very much pleased when he came. We danced round him, and clapped our hands. Mamma wanted to surprise us: so, while we were at dinner, she had the pony brought up and put in the barn.

Digitized by Google

After dinner we went out to play; and Winnie saw the whip and the saddles, and then she suspected something. So she began looking around in the stalls. There she found the pony, and then came running in to mamma to ask if it was really ours. Mamma said, Yes.

Then we were very much pleased, and said we would ride him. Winnie rode him up to the house first; then Mamie wanted to ride, so she got on the boys' saddle. Duke would not stand still for her; and, when she got on, he went galloping down to the barn. Her hat flew off, and she was very much frightened. She kept calling out, "Stop him!" but he would not stop until he reached the barn. Duke was frightened too, because we shouted at him.

Mamie is thirteen, but is more afraid to ride than Winnie, who is only seven. Mamie asks if boys always ride better than girls. I say, "No! Look at Winnie." Once we tied Duke to the swing; and then he got his nose pulled by getting the rope twisted round it. Sometimes we have a good frolic with him in the pasture. He never kicks us.

Mamie loves to feed Duke; but she wants Arthur to hold him carefully by the bridle while she does it. As for Winnie, she loves to gallop over the hills and far away. Sometimes she lets me ride behind her. Duke seems to love the bold Winnie, and will do whatever she tells him to. TILDEN.



Digitized by Google



NELLY'S KITTEN.

NELLY'S kitten was the handsomest kitten that ever was. So her little mistress thought. Nelly made a great pet of her, and brought her up with great care; and, when she had become a well-grown cat, Nelly gave her the name of "Pussy Gray."

One morning while Nelly was being dressed, her sister told her there was something nice down stairs, and asked her to guess what it was. "I guess it's pickled limes," said Nelly; for she dearly loved pickled limes. But her sister said "No." — "Then I guess it's kittens," said Nelly; and so it was.

Digitized by Google

Out in the back-room, in a barrel of shavings, were two little bunches of fur; and, when Nelly took them out and put them on the floor, they looked as though they were all legs and mouths. Their eyes were shut tight, and their little pink mouths were wide open.

But, in a week or two, the eyes came open, and the little kitties saw their feet and tails for the first time. Then they stood upon their feet, and played with their tails till they found their mother had one that was bigger and longer; and then they played with their mother's tail whenever she forgot to tuck it away and put her paw on it.

The kittens were always in somebody's way. When Nelly's mamma sat down in the big rocking-chair for a little rest, the first time she rocked back, "Mew, mew, mew!" would be heard, and away would scamper a little kit.

When Nelly's sister walked across the room in the dark, she was sure to hit her foot against a little soft ball, and "Oh, dear! there's one of the kittens," she would say.

If mamma went out to work in the kitchen, there would be a scampering from under her feet; and the kittens would be right before her. If she went to the closet to get any thing, she was sure to knock one of the kits over as she came out. When she was making pies, something would come up her dress; and, before she could stop it, there would be a kitten on her shoulder ready to fall into the pie.

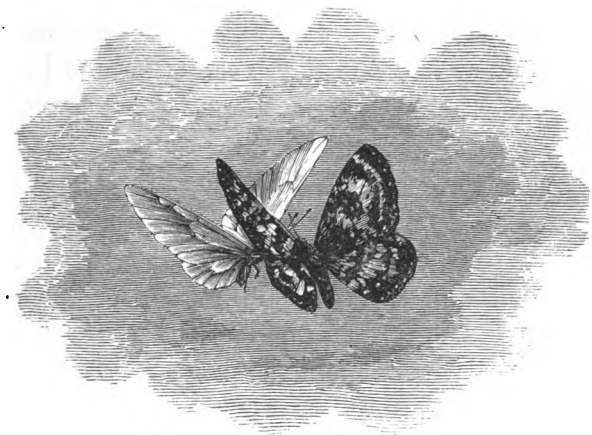
One day, after mamma had stepped on kittens, and fallen over kittens, till her patience was all gone, she said she believed she must have the kittens drowned, they were so much in the way. Pussy Gray, their mother, was in the room, and heard what was said. She at once went out of the door, calling the kittens after her.

That night they didn't come back, nor the next day, nor the next; and, now that they were really gone, mamma

Digitized by Google

began to feel badly So she searched all through the garden, calling "Kitty, kitty;" but though she looked down the cellar-stairs, and under the back-doorsteps, and everywhere she could think of, no kitten came.

MATTIE.



A FUNNY LITTLE GRANDMA.

CRADLED on a rose-leaf
By her mother-miller,
In her tiny egg slept
Baby caterpillar,

Till the sunbeams coaxed her
From her cradle cosey,
To her pretty chamber,
Velvet soft and rosy.

Dew and honey drinking
As from fairy chalice,
A merry life she led
In that rosy palace.

Till at length she wove a
Bed of cotton-down,
Where she slept to waken,
Dressed in satin brown.

Once more in the sunshine,
Oh! how sweet to roam,
And on satin pinions
Seek her flowery home!

She had joined the noble
Family of millers, [mamma
And last I heard was grand-
To six small caterpillars.

CLARA BROUGHTON.

Digitized by Google



A MORNING RIDE.

MAUD is spending her vacation among the woods and mountains of Maine, where she went with her father and mother about two weeks ago.

One very pleasant morning papa said, "I think we had better take a ride this morning." So Maud was called in to get ready; and Hannah, the good white horse, was harnessed into the buggy.

The buggy had but one seat: so mamma found a nice box, and folded her shawl and put on it; and that made a good place for the little girl, between her father and mother; and they all started on their ride.

They went along a shady road near the river, and soon they saw some geese. Several of them were swimming in the water, and one or two were on the bank. One of these

Digitized by Google

had a sort of frame around its neck, and was standing on one leg.

Maud said, "Why, see that poor goose! It has only one leg; and they have put that frame on so it can walk better." But a few minutes after she looked again, and the goose was standing very comfortably on both feet. So it really had two, but had been curling up one of them quite out of sight.



After riding some time, they came to a ferry, — a place for crossing the Androscoggin River; and papa drove through a pleasant field down to the bank of the river. Here they saw a man cutting grass, and asked him about the ferry-boat. He came up and took a horn that hung on a post, and blew a blast, which the ferry-boy on the other side of the river heard.

When the boy heard it, he began to unfasten his boat, and pull it over; and Maud and her father and mother waited, sitting in the buggy, until the boy brought his boat close to the shore, so that they could drive on to it easily.

Then papa said, "Are you all ready?" and the boy answered, "Yes, sir;" and Hannah walked on the boat and stood perfectly still, while the boy kept pulling a strong rope, until he drew the boat, with the horse and buggy and people, safely over to the other side. Then they drove up the bank of the river, and came to a gate, which a little girl opened.



Next they came to a very pleasant wood, — so pleasant that papa stopped Hannah in the shade, and said she might rest a little; and

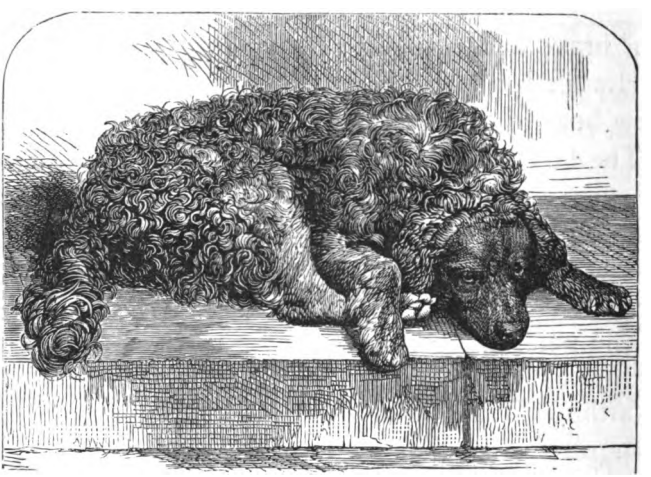
Digitized by Google

mamma and Maud got out of the buggy, and picked the young boxberry-leaves, and the red berries, and pulled long vines of evergreen, and gathered moss.

When papa thought it was time to go, he said, "All aboard!" and they got in, and he drove on. They had not gone far when Maud asked if she might drive. So papa handed her the reins; and Hannah seemed to go on just as well as ever.

After Maud had been driving a little while, her father said he thought she had better give the reins to him. This she did, and they went to the village, stopped at the post-office, and then drove swiftly home in season for dinner. H.

BETHEL, ME.



OLD TRIM.

HERE's brave old Trim: I once with him
Was walking near the docks;
We heard a cry, both Trim and I, —
The cry that always shocks.

Digitized by Google

"Help! boat, ahoy! See, there's a boy:
Make haste, he's going down."
"There! watch him, Trim! in after him!
We must not let him drown."

Through foam and splash Trim's quick eyes flash:
He strikes out to the place;
And round and round, with eager bound,
He watches for a trace.

A little hand comes paddling up,
A face so wild and wan:
"Ah, Trim, he's there! Make haste, take care;
And save him if you can!"

Oh! brave and bold, he seizes hold;
His teeth are firmly set:
Now bear him near; there is no fear:
The boy is breathing yet.

"Bravo, good Trim!" They welcome him,
And clasp him round for joy;
Then homeward bear, with tender care,
The pale, half-conscious boy.

O faithful Trim! "Would I sell him?"
Inquired a curious elf:
"What, sell," I cried, "a friend so tried!
I'd rather sell myself."

GEO. BENNETT.

Digitized by Google

PERILS OF THE SEA.

EDWIN had a present of a ship, sent to him from England; and he named it, after the giver, "The Uncle George." It was a splendid ship. It had three masts, as a ship ought to have, and was rigged in complete style.

One fine day last month, Edwin took his ship down to the Frog Pond on Boston Common, and set her afloat. On the opposite side of the pond he saw four boys sailing their boats, and a tall boy carrying a sloop, and followed by his small brother.

A sloop, you know, has but one mast. None of these boys had a ship with three masts, like "The Uncle George." Edwin felt a little proud when he saw his good ship catch the wind in her sails, and go plunging up and down over the pond.

But, dear me, think of the risks of ship-owners! Consider, too, that Edwin's ship was not insured. What, then, was his dismay, when, as she got into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean (for so Edwin called the pond), a flaw of wind threw her on her beam-ends, and sent her masts down under water till she foundered, sank, and disappeared.

There was a shout from the owners of vessels on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. "What a pity!" exclaimed the boy with a dog.

"What's her name?" asked the tall boy.

"The Uncle George!" shouted back Edwin.

"Any insurance on her?" inquired a boy waving his hat.

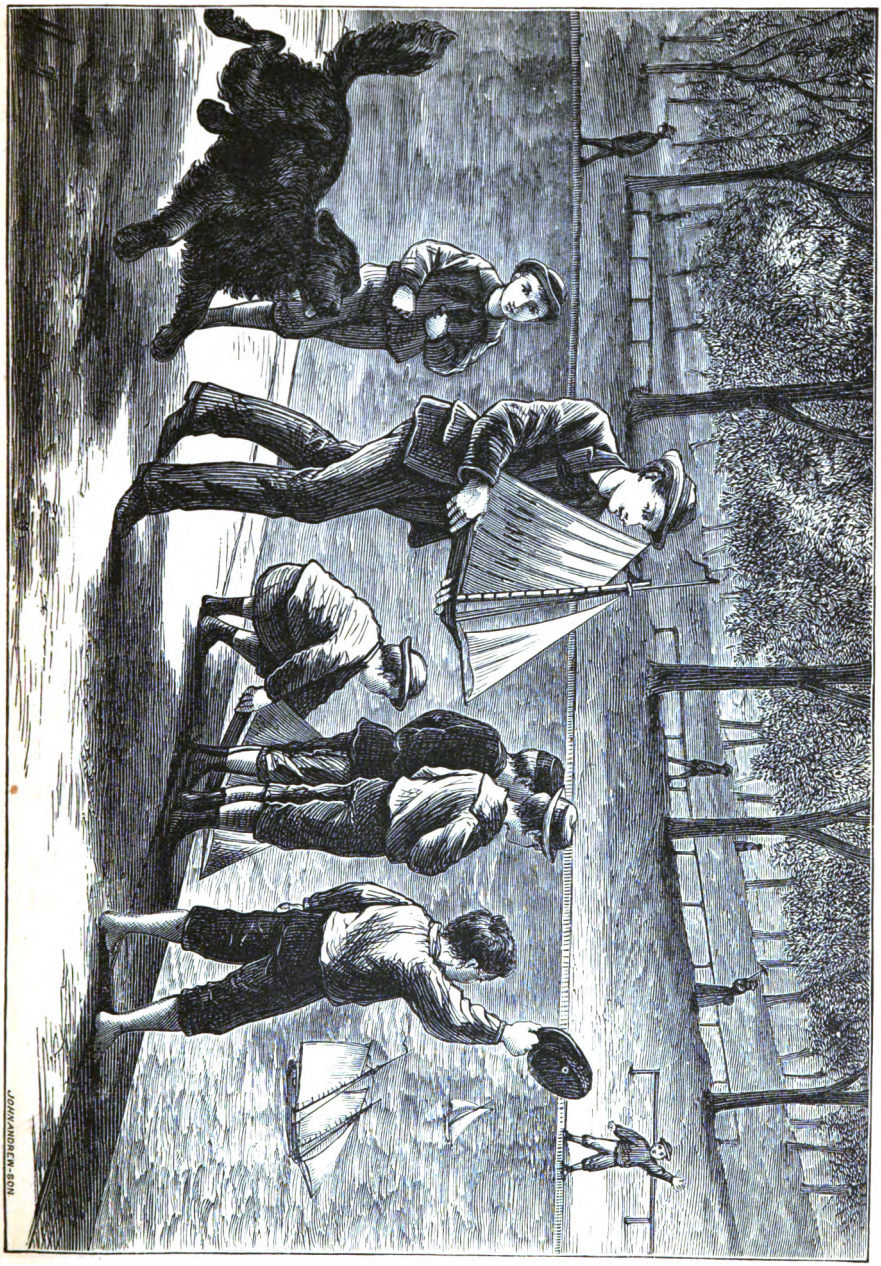
"What do you mean by insurance?" asked Edwin.

"Go and look in your dictionary," said the boy with his hat off.

Then the tall boy repeated these lines: —

> "A land-breeze shook her shrouds, and she was overset;
> Down went 'The Royal George' with all her crew complete."

Digitized by Google



PERILS OF THE SEA.

Digitized by Google

Edwin was half disposed to cry; but then he thought that crying was no way to get out of trouble. He took a survey of the Atlantic Ocean, and wondered how deep it was where his ship went down.

Then taking off his shoes and stockings, and rolling up his pantaloons, he waded in, and succeeded, with the aid of a long stick, in saving "The Uncle George."

"Hurrah! Well done, little one!" shouted a boy on the other side. The tall boy again launched into poetry, and cried out,—

> "Weigh the vessel up, once dreaded by our foes!
> Her timbers yet are sound; and she may float again,
> Full charged with England's thunder, and plough the distant main."
>
> ALFRED SELWYN.

IN HONOR OF ROSA'S BIRTHDAY.



Charles. — Am I right, madam? is not this Miss Rosa's birthday?

Mary. — Yes, sir. My little girl is two years old to-day.

Charles. — So I understood; and I have brought her a birthday present. Here it is, — the largest rose I could find in all the land. Do me the honor to accept it.

Mary. — With pleasure, sir, I accept it for Rosa; but, if I may trust my eyes, this is a sunflower, not a rose.

Charles. — Excuse me, madam, in Doll-land they told me it was a rose.

Mary. — Ah! they sometimes forget names in Doll-land.

Digitized by Google

I am obliged to you, sir, all the same. You are very polite.

Charles. — I ought to be polite, madam; for my sister Helen goes to dancing-school. I will bid you good-morning, madam.

Mary. — Good-morning, sir. Call again some fine day.

Charles. — I shall call without waiting for a fine day, madam. It is always a fine day when I am with you.



OUR ONE-YEAR-OLD.

ALL the people love her,
For she is our darling;
Good and sweet and bright is she,
Never cross nor snarling.

Bob, the savage bull-dog,
Lamb-like waits upon her;
Hens and geese and turtle-doves
Come to do her honor.

"Bless her!" says the raven,
"Oh! you cannot match her;"
Swallows fly about her head,
Kittens do not scratch her.

For she is so gentle,
All the folks obey her:
Even little tom-tit comes
His respects to pay her.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Digitized by Google



WALTER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

"HERE is the last white rose in my garden," said Laura to her brother Walter; "and you shall have it if you will be a good boy."

"I don't want a white rose," said Walter; "and, if I can't go with Jim Bacon and the other fellows on the pond, I'll not be a good boy: I'll make myself as disagreeable as I can."

"Why, Walter, what a threat!" said Laura, laughing; "but you are a good deal like the minister's dog Bunkum, who barks terribly, but never bites."

Digitized by Google

"See what I get for being a good boy!" replied Walter. "The first time a chance for a little fun comes along, then it's, 'O Walter! you and the other boys are too young to be trusted alone on the water.'"

Hardly had Walter given utterance to these words, when there were cries from the roadside near by; and men and women were seen running towards the pond. What could be the matter?

It soon was made known what the matter was. The little fellows in the boat had upset it; and five of them were floundering about in the water. Fortunately no life was lost. All were saved, but not until all were wet through to the skin.

"Now, Walter," said Laura, "are you going to fret, and make yourself disagreeable, because you did not get a ducking with the other boys?"

"Sister," said Walter, with a smile, "I think I will accept that beautiful white rose you offered me just now."

DORA BURNSIDE.

THE BOASTING BOY.

I KNEW a boy in our town, whose name was Billy Hood:
He had a sword all made of tin, a musket made of wood.
His drum would always let you know when Billy Hood was coming;
For all the neighbors used to say, "I wish he'd stop that drumming."

Now, very brave this Billy was, — at least, so Billy thought;
And he was not afraid, — not he, — of any thing that fought.
"With this good sword and gun," said he, "I'll fight until I die:
Let man or beast come on! Who fears? Not Billy Hood! Not I!"

But ah! one day this Billy went where six old geese were straying,
And on his noisy drum began somewhat too loudly playing:
An old goose chased him from the field; and Billy, screaming, ran,
Till on the kitchen floor he sank, — that valiant little man!

UNCLE CHARLES.

Digitized by Google



CAKES AND PIES.

In the dough! In the dough!
This is the way we make it go:
Roll it, roll it, smooth and thin;
Pound it with the rolling-pin;
Cut with thimbles, and it makes
Just the nicest dolly cakes.

Dolly, now, must have a pie:
We will make it, you and I.
Here's a cunning little tin!
Roll and roll the pie-crust thin;
Spread it smoothly now within;
Lay some bits of apple in,
Cover nicely; let it bake:
That's the way our pies we make.

Digitized by Google

Dolly may not eat it all;
Then, if playmates chance to call,
We will give them a surprise
With our little cakes and pies.
All we make is good to eat;
For our hands are clean and sweet;
And we have such handy ways,
Our dear mother often says,
That she thinks, by all the looks,
We shall soon be famous cooks. EMEROY HAYWARD.



THE TIDE COMING IN.

JULIA and Rose were on a visit to their uncle, who lived near the seaside. They came from Ohio, and did not know about the ebb and flow of the tide of the ocean. They ran down on the sandy beach, and seated themselves on a rock.

Their cousin Rodney was not far off, engaged in fishing for perch. All at once there was a loud cry from Julia, the

Digitized by Google

elder of the two sisters. The water had crept up all round the rock on which they sat, thus forming an island of it; and they did not know what to make of it.

"The water has changed its place," shouted Rose.

Rodney was alarmed, and began to blame himself for neglecting, in his eagerness to catch a few fish, the little girls under his charge.

He took off his shoes and stockings, rolled up his pantaloons, and ran into the water over the sandy bottom to the rock. Taking Rose in his arms, he told Julia to follow.

"But I shall wet my nice boots," said Julia.

"Then, wait on the rock," said Rodney, "while I carry Rose, and set her down on dry land. I will then come for you, and carry you pickback to the shore."

"No, Cousin Rodney," said Julia: "I think I will not ride pickback. I should be too heavy a load. I must not mind wetting my boots and stockings."

"Then, place your hand on my shoulder, and come along," said Rodney. "The tide is gaining on us very fast."

"I don't know what you mean by the tide," said Julia.

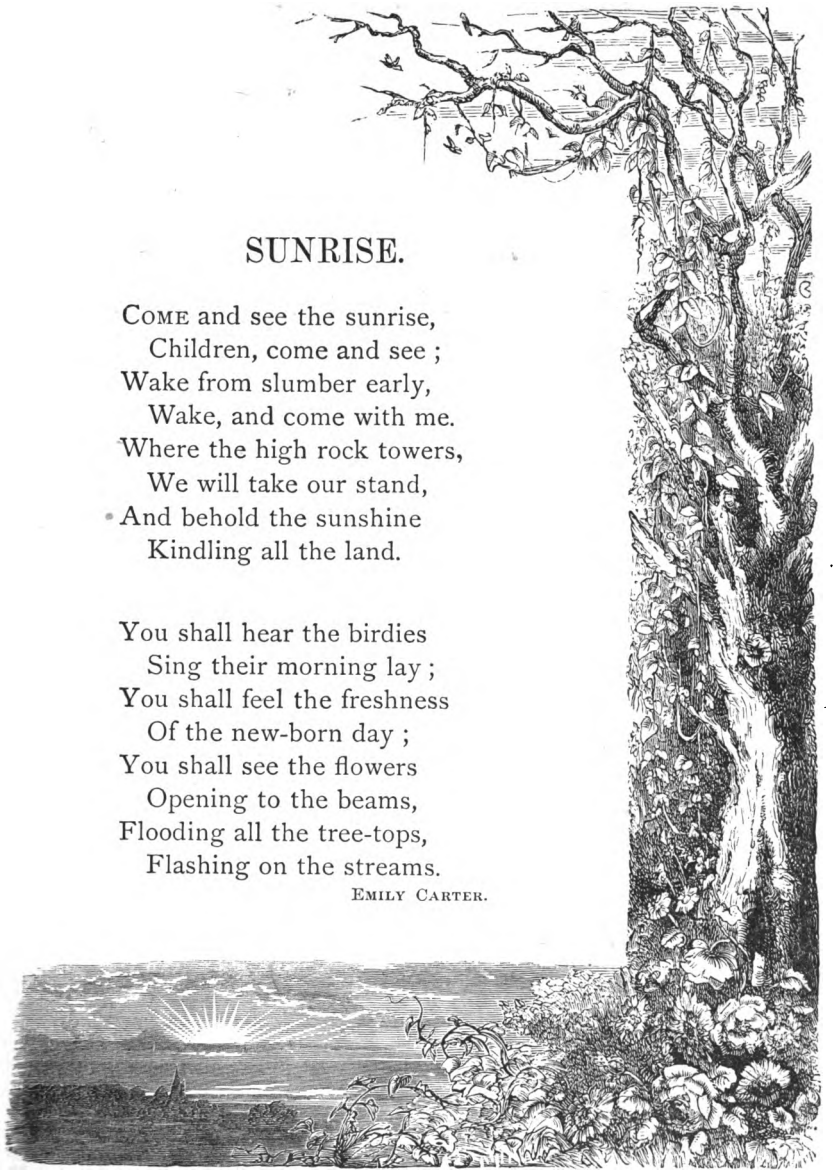
"Why, cousin," said Rodney, "you must know that the tides are the rise and fall of the waters of the ocean. It will be high tide an hour from now; then the water will cover all these rocks you see around us. After that, the water will sink and go back till we can see the rocks again, and walk a long way on the sand; then it will be low tide. But we must not stay here talking: the water will soon be too deep for us."

So Rodney took Rose in his arms, and Julia placed her left hand on his right shoulder; and in this way they went through the water to the dry part of the beach.

"We must look out for this sly tide the next time," said little Rose as she ran to tell papa of their adventure.

UNCLE CHARLES.

Digitized by Google



SUNRISE.

COME and see the sunrise,
Children, come and see ;
Wake from slumber early,
Wake, and come with me.
Where the high rock towers,
We will take our stand,
And behold the sunshine
Kindling all the land.

You shall hear the birdies
Sing their morning lay ;
You shall feel the freshness
Of the new-born day ;
You shall see the flowers
Opening to the beams,
Flooding all the tree-tops,
Flashing on the streams.

EMILY CARTER.

Digitized by Google

LETTER TO GEORGE.—No. 2.

DEAR GEORGE,—When I sat by the door last evening, a great



toad hopped up on the door-step. A bug flew along, and he caught it. He looks very ugly; but he will not hurt you.

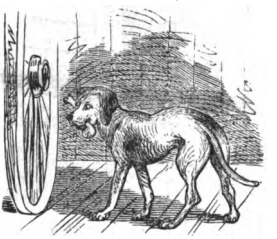
The dog Prince sits and watches the little new chickens every day. I suppose he wonders what they are. He knows it is wrong to touch them, because I have told him so.



But he thought he would like to just smell of one: so he put his nose close to the little soft bunch, and smelt

Digitized by Google

of it. But the chicken's mother put her head out of the coop, and pecked him so that he cried.



Prince found a bone, and hid it in the ground. But he was afraid the pig would find it: so he dug it up, and carried it behind the wagon, in the wagon-house.



The colt is very cunning; but he is naughty. One day the clothes were hung out on the line to dry. The colt got in the yard, and tore the clothes all in pieces with his teeth. He ought to know better.

W. O. C.

Digitized by Google



PEEPY'S PET.

THERE was a little girl who was called Peepy; but why she was called so I do not know: perhaps it was because, when a baby, she used to peep from behind a curtain or a door, and cry, "Peep-O!"

She was a good little girl; but, when she was five years old, her mother had to go to Europe for her health, and Peepy was sent to board in the family of a farmer whose name was Miller.

One day Mr. Miller made her a present of a bright silver quarter of a dollar. Peepy had been taught to sew by Susan Miller; and so Peepy put her work-box on a chair in her little room, and sat down and made a little bag in which to keep the bright silver coin.

Then she took a walk near the grove, and saw two boys who had caught a robin, and were playing with it. They had tied a string to its legs; and, when the poor bird tried to

Digitized by Google



fly away, they pulled it back again, and laughed at its struggles.

At last the little robin was so tired and frightened, that it lay on the ground, panting, with its feathers ruffled, and its beak wide open, and its eyes half closed. It seemed ready to die. Then the rude, cruel boys pulled the string to make it fly again.

"Please don't be so cruel," said little Peepy. "How can you be so cruel?" And she ran to the poor bird, and took it up very gently.

"You let our bird alone!" one of the boys cried out. But Peepy still held it, and was ready to cry when she felt its little heart beating with fear.

"Do give it to me, please," said Peepy. "I will thank you for it very much." But the boys laughed at her, and told her roughly to let the bird alone. "We caught the bird, and the bird is ours," said one of them.

"Will you sell me the bird?" asked Peepy, taking her bright quarter of a dollar out of its bag, and offering it.

Digitized by Google



"Ah! now you talk sensibly," said the larger of the boys. "Yes: we'll sell it."

So Peepy parted with her money, but kept the precious bird. The boys ran off, knowing they had done a mean thing, and fearing some man might come along, and inquire into it.

Peepy took the bird home; and Mrs. Miller told her she had done right, and helped her to mend an old cage into which they could put the poor little bruised bird. Soon it took food from their hands, and grew quite tame.

Peepy named it Bella, and kept it in her chamber where she could hear it sing. Bella loved Peepy, and would fly about the room, and light on her head, and play with her curls.

But as summer came on, and the weather grew warm and pleasant, Peepy thought to herself, "Bella loves me, and is grateful for all my care; but liberty is as sweet to birds as to little girls. I will not selfishly keep this bird in prison. I will take it into the grove, and set it free."

Digitized by Google



So Peepy took it into the grove, and set it free; and Bella lighted on a bough, and sang the sweetest song you ever heard. It then flew singing round Peepy's head, as if to say, "Thank you! thank you a thousand times, you dear little girl!" If Bella's song could have been translated into words, I think they would have been these: —

"Darling little Peepy,
When you're sad or sleepy,
I will come and sing you a merry, merry song:
So do not be grieving
At this tender leaving;
I shall not forget you, dear, for Oh! love is strong."

Peepy went home rather sad with her empty cage. But what was her joy the next day, to see Bella on the window-sill! She opened the window, Bella flew in, and they had a nice frolic. Then, when the dinner-bell rang, the little bird flew off. Peepy was happy to think it had not forgotten her.

IDA FAY.

Digitized by Google



SONG OF THE MONKEY.

Words by MARIAN DOUGLAS. Music by T. CRAMPTON.



2 There cocoa-nuts are growing
Around the palm-tree's crown :
I used to climb and pick them off,
And hear them—crack!—come down.
There all day long the purple figs
Are falling, I declare :
How pleasant 'tis in monkey-land!
Oh, would that I were there!

3 On some tall tree's top branches
The fleecy clouds would sail
Just over me : I wish that I
Were swinging by my tail!
I'd swing and swing so merrily,
How happy I would be!
But oh! a travelling monkey's life
Is very hard for me.

Digitized by Google



THE AUNT AND THE NIECE.

Digitized by Google

THE AUNT AND THE NIECE.



UNT RUTH was only nine years old, while her niece Mary was nineteen. But Ruth, being an aunt, felt she must keep up the dignity of one; and so she used to treat Mary as if Mary were a little girl.

They had not seen each other for nearly a year; and, when they met, Mary, who was fond of mischief, acted as if she were really younger than Ruth, though she well knew she was nine years older.

"Aunt Ruth," said Mary, "have you any objection to my going out in the grove to swing?"

"None at all, my dear," said Ruth; "but I will go with you, lest you should get hurt."

"Thank you, aunty," replied Mary. "Now let us see who can run the faster."

Mary started off at a run towards the swing; but Ruth called her back, and said, "Stop, my dear, you will wet those nice new shoes in the damp grass; and then your mother will blame me for not taking better care of you. We will go by the gravel road to the grove."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mary, turning her head to hide her smiles; and then, seeing a flower, Mary cried, "Oh! what a beautiful flower! Tell me what it is, aunty. I think I never saw one like it before. What a heavenly blue! And how nicely the edges are fringed!"

"Yes, my dear: that is a fringed gentian," said Ruth. "It is one of the latest of our wild autumn flowers; and I am not surprised that you admire it."

"It is indeed lovely," exclaimed Mary. "You must teach me all about these wild flowers, aunty; for we city girls have few opportunities of seeing them."

Digitized by Google

"Yes, my dear niece, I will teach you," returned Ruth. "I want you to learn a lesson of some kind every day you are with us."

Mary burst out into a laugh that she could not control.

"Why, what are you laughing at, my dear?" asked Aunt Ruth.

But Mary, to escape replying to the question, ran and took hold of the swing. "Now for it, aunty!" said she.

Mary sat down in the swing, and Ruth pushed her from behind; and, after she had swung enough, Ruth took her to the barn. But here, I regret to say, the sight of a pile of hay on the barn-floor was too much for Niece Mary. She seemed to lose all her reverence at once.

Seizing Aunt Ruth, she threw her on the hay, and covered her up with it, crying out, "You precious little aunty, I must have a frolic, or I shall die. So forget that you are an aunt, and try to remember that you are nothing, after all, but a darling little girl."

Ruth, though at first surprised, was too sensible a girl to be offended. Papa came in; and, seeing aunt and niece on the hay, he covered them both up with it, till they begged to be let out, and promised to be good.

He was just from the garden, and had thrown down his hoe, rake, and watering-pot, and taken off his straw-hat. But the hat suddenly disappeared, and papa wondered where it was. Niece Mary had slipped it under the hay.

EMILY CARTER.



Digitized by Google



DREADFULLY CHEATED.

"UNCLE," said George, "what makes you call that great clumsy dog 'Watch'? A watch goes 'tick, tick,' as busy as can be all the time; and this dog is a lazy old fellow."

"I know that," said Uncle Henry; "but he is called Watch, because he acts the part of a watchman, or guard, to keep off thieves and stragglers.

"Don't you know how he barks when any one comes here whom he does not know? He will not let a stranger come near the house after dark, without giving notice. I do not suppose it would be possible for any of us to come into the house without his knowing it."

"I mean to try," said George, "and see if I cannot cheat you, old fellow." And Watch looked up in his face with a very knowing wink, which seemed to say, "Don't try to be too smart, or you may get into trouble."

Now, for all George called Watch "clumsy" and "lazy,"

Digitized by Google

he was very fond of him; and many a nice frolic they had together.

That very afternoon, while they were enjoying a grand tumble on the grass, George's mother called him into the house to do an errand for her.

George had quite a long walk to take; and, when he got back, it was quite dark. Just as he reached the garden-gate, he remembered what his uncle had said that morning about Watch.

"Now," said he to himself, "I'll just see if I cannot get into the house without your knowing it, Master Watch; and, if I cannot, you are smarter than I think."

So George took off his shoes, and went stealing along on the soft grass, looking like a little thief, until he came to the broad gravel-walk, which he must cross to get round to the back of the house.

He stopped for a minute, while he looked about for Watch, and soon spied him lying at the front-door, with his black nose resting upon his great white paws; and he seemed to be fast asleep.

Then George very cautiously stepped upon the gravel-walk, first with one foot, and then with the other. As he did so, Watch pricked up both ears; but it was so dark, that George did not see them.

So, thinking that the old dog had not moved, he went on very quickly, and, as he thought, very quietly, when all at once, just as he was beginning to chuckle at the success of his trick, he heard a gruff "Bow-wow," and found himself flat upon the ground, with the dog upon his back, and two rows of sharp white teeth very near his throat.

Although George was hurt by the fall, and was a good deal frightened, he had his wits about him, and said, "Watch, Watch, don't you know me, old fellow?"

Digitized by Google

I wish you could have seen Watch then, when he found that he had mistaken his little friend for a thief. He jumped up and down, and cried and whined as if he had been whipped, and was so mortified, and ashamed of his mistake, that it was a long time before George could persuade him to go into the house.

At last they both went in, and George told his story; and when the laughing was over, and old Watch had been patted and comforted by every one, Uncle Henry said, "Well, George, we shall have to say that you were both dreadfully cheated."

AUNT TUTIE.

SUMMER'S OVER.

SUMMER'S over, summer's over!
See, the leaves are falling fast;
Flowers are dying, flowers are dying,
All their beauty's gone at last.
Now the thrush no longer cheers us;
Warbling birds forget to sing;
And the bees have ceased to wander,
Sipping sweets on airy wing.

Winter's coming, winter's coming!
Now his hoary head draws near;
Winds are blowing, winds are blowing;
All around looks cold and drear.
Hope of spring must now support us;
Winter's reign will pass away;
Flowers will bloom, and birds will warble,
Making glad the livelong day.

T. C.

Digitized by Google



A BAD BLOW.

LITTLE David came running home from school one winter afternoon. As he passed through the yard, he saw the door of the cellar-kitchen standing open, and heard some one down in the cellar, pounding, thump, thump, thump.

Little David ran down the steps to see who it was.

He saw a great blazing fire in the wide fireplace, and three big pots hanging on the crane over it; and his mamma, Leah, Jane, and Aunt Jinny, making sausages; and John Bigbee, the colored boy, with a wooden mortar between his knees, and an iron-pestle in his hand, pounding, thump, thump, thump, in the mortar.

Little David ran to John, and asked, "What's in there?" but did not wait for an answer. He drew in his breath as hard as he could, and blew into the mortar with all his might.

Digitized by Google

A cloud of fine black pepper flew up into his mouth, nose, and eyes. How he did sneeze and strangle and cry!

Leah ran for a basin of cold water. His mamma got a soft linen cloth, and washed away all the pepper and most of the pain.

When he stopped crying, she said, "Little David, DON'T MEDDLE."

D. D. H.



THE ANVIL CHORUS.

CLINK, clink, clinkerty clink!
That is the tune at morning's blink;
And we hammer away till the busy day,
Weary like us, to rest doth sink.
Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!

Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!
From useful labor we will not shrink;
But our fires we'll blow till the forges glow
With a lustre that makes our eyelids wink.
Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!

Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!
A chain we'll forge with many a link:
We'll pound each form while the iron is warm,
With blows as rapid as one may think.
Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!

Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!
Our faces may be as black as ink;
But our hearts are as true as man ever knew:
Kindly on all we look and think.
Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!

OXFORD'S JUNIOR SPEAKER.

Digitized by Google



PAUL.

"FOUR years is very old: I am almost a man," said wee Paul. "Now I can wear papa's coat and hat, and use his gold-topped cane."

He put on the coat. It took some time.

"If the end was cut off, and the thickening taken out, it would be a nice fit. The hat is too tall for a man of my size; but it keeps all my head dry. I shall save an umbrella."

He would also save his eyes; for they were not needed in the top of the hat, and he could feel his way with his feet. He pitied the horses who wore blinders, and wondered how they could go so fast. He tried to step off boldly, but fell over the cane, and smashed the hat. Jane had to come and hunt for him under the coat.

"Don't cry, child," said Jane, shaking the dust from him. "Come now, and have a ride on the rocking-horse."

Digitized by Google

"He's too slow for me," cried Paul loudly; "and a man of my age won't be *shooken*, Jane!"

Paul went out and sat beside Fido, on the basement-steps. He made his mouth into a funny round O, and grew purple in the face, trying to whistle Yankee Doodle.

"Don't go off the bricks, child," said Jane, opening a window.

"I'll take care of myself," said Paul. Then he told Fido that Jane had put it into his head to go off the bricks, and that it would be her fault if he did.

Fido began to bark and jump to coax his young master away. He had such fine times when Jane took them out to walk, that he wanted to go again. Paul knew his mamma had forbidden his leaving the brick walk in front of their home; but he longed to go. He put one foot off the bricks, then the other, and away he ran, Fido barking beside him.

Paul ran across two streets, and reached the Public Garden quite out of breath. He said it was fine fun; but he really was not so happy as he was when sitting on his mother's steps. He walked slowly to the pond. He thought he would catch some fish, and give them to Jane, and perhaps she would not tell his mother.

"Here, Fido, go catch fish!" he cried, pointing to the water.

Fido jumped in, and chased a chip with all his might. Paul scolded him well for not catching a fish. The little boy was cross, because he knew he was doing wrong; and when Fido got the chip at last, and laid it at Paul's feet, the child drove him into the water again.

Fido was a small dog, and grew tired very soon. His paws moved slowly, and he had hard work to keep his tiny nose out of the water. He cried for help.

"Poor dog, he will drown!" said a lady upon the bridge.

Digitized by Google

Paul had been so cross that he forgot dear little Fido could be in danger. He began to cry aloud, and rushed to the edge of the pond to save his pet.

"Dear Fido, don't die!" sobbed Paul, stretching out his hands; but he lost his balance, and fell into the water.

Paul and Fido might both have been drowned if the people on the bridge had not run to save them. The street and number of Paul's house were printed on Fido's collar: so they carried the two there. Paul's mother cried when she saw the sad plight her little boy was in; and he was quite sick for a few days.

"We'd better mind mother, and let Jane go with us always, if she is an old fuss!" said Paul to Fido, the first time they were alone together. And Fido gave a deep sigh that meant yes.

HELEN C. PEARSON.



THE CAT AND THE BOOK.

OH, dear me! what a deal of knowledge
It must take to read books, and fit for college!
But, if cats are not able to read a single letter,
They can catch mice, and climb trees; and is not that better?

Now, if these little rhymes are not wholly to your taste,
Bear in mind they are supposed to be by a cat, and written in haste.

Digitized by Google

LITTLE PIGGY.

One day my brother Richard brought a little pig in-doors from the farm-yard. "Squeak, squeak!" cried the little thing as it nestled in Dick's arms.

As soon as we all had looked at it, my mother wished Dick to take it back to the sow. "No," said Dick: "she has too many piggies to bring up. I think we must kill this one." We all begged him not to kill it; and after some talk it was settled that I should have it, and try to bring it up.

So I took piggy under my charge. I named him "Dob." I fed him on skim-milk with a wooden spoon; and he soon looked for his meal as regularly as I looked for my breakfast. I made him a bed in a basket with some hay and a bit of flannel; but he soon outgrew the basket, and we then made him a bed under the kitchen-stairs.

When he grew big enough, he was sent into the farm-yard to get his living among the other pigs; but he would always run after me, and follow me into the house like a dog. I had only to call out, "Dob, Dob!" at the gate, and Dob would be sure to come.

One day he followed me in-doors with a bit of hay in his mouth. He ran down stairs, and left this bit of hay where he used to sleep, under the kitchen-stairs. He then ran off, and soon returned with some more hay in his mouth, and put it in the same place. "Well, I declare!" said cook, "this pig has as much sense as a Christian. Now he has made his bed, I wonder whether he'll come and sleep in it?"

In the evening, when we were at tea, Dob came to the kitchen-door, crying, "Ugh, ugh!" and, when they let him in, he trotted off to his bed. We all thought this very clever on the part of Dob; and cook said, "*He was the knowingest little piggy she ever seed!*"

T. C.

Digitized by Google



CAMPING OUT.

ALBERT lives in the Far West. He is only seven years old. He has no brothers or sisters to play with him, so he has to amuse himself. He makes railroads and bridges and houses with bits of rock. He has a toy shovel and a pickaxe and a little axe that will cut. He is very happy playing with them for hours.

Sometimes he gets tired of his playthings, and says, "Mamma, what shall I do now?" Then his mamma tells him that he may read his lesson. If he has been a good boy, she reads some of the stories in "The Nursery" to him, which pleases him very much.

One day last autumn, his papa and mamma went over on the Neosho River, in the Indian Territory (you must look

Digitized by Google

on the map and see where that is), to gather some hickory-nuts and walnuts. Of course they took Albert with them.



It was a bright sunny morning when they started off across the prairie. They saw a great many prairie-chickens, and two big gray wolves, as they went along. Albert was in great glee; but it was a long ride, and the little boy was very glad when they came in sight of the sparkling waters of the Neosho, just as the sun was setting.

Papa had just time to pitch a tent and build a big fire before it was quite dark. Then they all sat down by the fire, and ate their supper. Then mamma made up a nice bed with blankets and shawls, and put Albert into it. They were all glad to go to bed early.

The wolves barked at them several times during the night, but were too much afraid of the fire to venture very near. Albert slept as sweetly as if he had been in his own little bed at home, instead of being out under the starry sky, far away from a house. When he opened his eyes next morning, it was yet quite dusk; but papa was getting ready to go to a pond to shoot some ducks for breakfast. Albert wished to go too; and papa kindly consented. When they came to the pond, papa told Albert to sit down on a log a little way off, so that he would not scare the ducks, and wait until he called him.

Albert promised to do so, and waited for a while; but it seemed to him a very long time, and he began to grow tired and hungry. He called several times; but no one answered, as papa did not wish to scare the ducks. Then he thought he would go back to mamma at the camp.

He walked on bravely at first; but by and by, as he saw

Digitized by Google

no sign of the camp, and the trees seemed to look all alike, he began to be afraid. He feared lest he might see a wolf or other wild animal; and then he began to cry, and to call loudly. Some Indians across the river called to him, and asked him what was the matter.



Albert was not afraid of them; but he did not stop crying. At last mamma heard him, and was just going to look for him, when papa overtook him, and brought him to the camp. He had scared the ducks so that they had none for breakfast, after all.

But mamma had the coffee-pot boiling by the fire; and the bread and butter, cakes, cold meat, and other things from the luncheon-basket, tasted very good in the cool autumn air.

Albert was much ashamed of having been such a coward, and promised never to be so foolish again. If he had done as his papa told him, he would not have got into such trouble.

After breakfast they all went to work in earnest, and soon had a fine lot of nuts. Albert also picked up some pretty shells by the river-brink. Then papa and mamma packed up the blankets, luncheon-basket, and other things, and, giving a parting look at the bright river, they turned the horses' heads towards home.

GRACE MOEREN.



Digitized by Google

A FIELD-DAY WITH THE GEESE.

JOSEPH wants to be a soldier; but, not having any boys to drill, he has to content himself with drilling his uncle's geese. See them on parade! He has opened the gate: he has cried out, "Forward, march!" and in come the geese, black and white, single file.

Joseph stands proudly aside, as a commander ought to, while reviewing his troops. He has a flag in his hand. His cousin Richard is the trumpeter. Mary looks on with admiration, and does not remark that Fido, the sly dog, is trying to find out what she has good to eat in her basket.

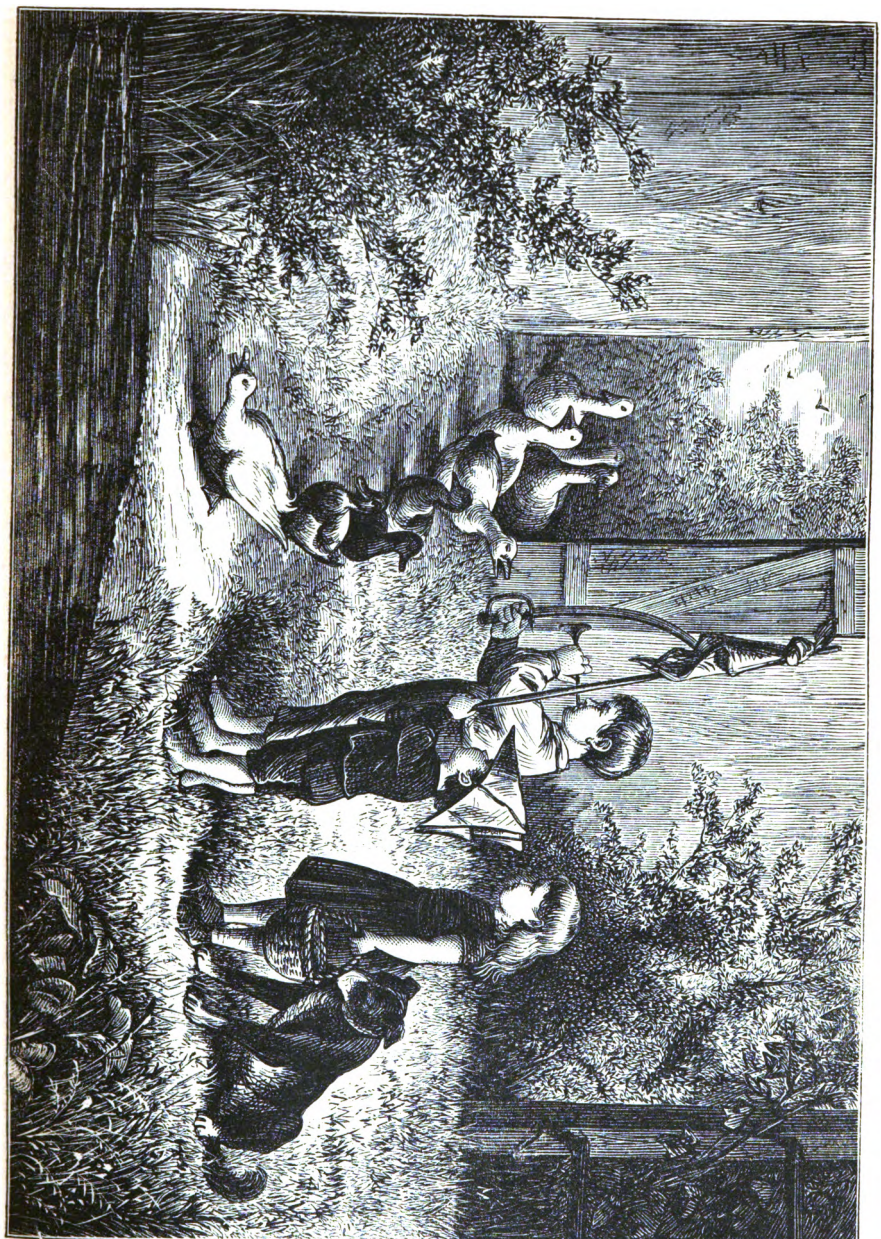
Now let me tell you a few facts about geese. They have the reputation of being stupid; but Richard has not found them so. That leading goose goes by the name of Captain Waddle. He does not hold up his head as a captain should, but he minds a good deal that Richard says to him, for he is very fond of Richard, and tries to do all that he is told to do.

I have heard of a goose who became very fond of a bull-dog. Grim, for that was the dog's name, had saved her from the clutch of a fox; and after that it seemed as if the poor goose could not do enough to show her gratitude. Every day she would keep as near to Grim as she could, and, when he was chained to his kennel, she would stay by and show her affection in many ways.

At last the bull-dog was sent off to a neighboring town, and then the poor goose lost her appetite, and seemed to pine so, that her owner, Mrs. Gilbert, who was a human woman, and took a great interest in dumb animals, sent for Grim to come back.

It would have pleased you to see the meeting. The instant the goose heard Grim's familiar bark, she started up,

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

and ran with outstretched wings to greet him. She came as near to embracing him as a goose could. Grim seemed well pleased with her delight, and barked his acknowledgments in a tone that could not be mistaken.

The goose soon regained her appetite, and was not again parted from her dear Grim. The best of this story is, that it is true. So you see that even geese are not so stupid but that they show gratitude to those who befriend them.

Indeed, geese seem to be constant in their affections. They know, also, how to show anger. I remember once seeing a boy tease some geese in order to make them angry. They ran after him in a rage, seized hold of his clothes, and nipped him smartly to punish him for the insult.

Once, in Scotland, a young goose became so fond of its master, that it followed him everywhere, no matter how great the distance, and even through the crowd and tumult of a city.

UNCLE CHARLES.

WHAT WILLY DID.

WHEN the gas was lighted,
Willy's mamma said,
"Maggie, feed the children,
And put them both to bed."

When the milk was eaten,
Maggie went for more:
So she put the baby
Down upon the floor.

Then the naughty Willy
Climbed up for a match,
And he lit it quickly
With a little scratch.

But it burnt his fingers
When the flame arose,
And suddenly he dropped it
On the baby's clothes.

Up it blazed so fiercely,
That, when Maggie came,
There was little baby
Screaming in the flame.

Maggie put the fire out,
And saved the baby too;
But Willy was so frightened
He knew not what to do.

He was sorry, too, for baby,
With arms all burnt and sore;
And so he never meddled
With matches any more.

H. F. W.

Digitized by Google



LEARN TO THINK.

WALTER DANE was in a hurry to go off to play at ball with some of his schoolfellows; and so he did not give much thought to the lesson which he had to learn.

It was a lesson in grammar. Walter's mother took the book, and said, "I fear my little boy finds it hard to put his thoughts on his lesson to-day."

"Try me, mother," said Walter. "I will do my best."

"Then, I will put you a question which is not in the

Digitized by Google

book," said mamma. "Which is the heavier,—a pound of feathers, or a pound of lead?"

"A pound of lead, to be sure!" cried Walter confidently.

"There! you spoke then without thinking," said Mrs. Dane. "A little thought would have made it clear to you that a pound is a pound, and that a pound of feathers must weigh just as much as a pound of lead."

"When I spoke, I was thinking that Tom Burton was out in the yard waiting for me," said Walter.

"Well, take your thoughts off from Tom Burton, and put them on the question I am now about to ask you. What is a noun?"

"A noun is a word used as the name of any object."

"Very well. A noun, then, is a name-word."

"But why is not every word a name-word just the same?" asked Walter.

"Different sorts of words have different uses," said Mrs. Dane. "If I say, '*Walter, come here,*' by the word *Walter*, I name an object or person; and it is therefore a name-word, or noun. *Noun* means *name*. By the word *come*, I tell Walter what to do; and therefore *come* is a different sort of word from a name-word. *Come* is a verb. By the word *here*, I tell Walter *where* he must come; and so *here* is a different sort of word from both *Walter* and *come*. *Here* is an adverb."

"But, if I say '*Come*,' do I not name something?" asked Walter.

"You certainly do not. What thing do you name? *Come* is not an object or thing; *come* is not a person. You cannot say, 'Give me a *come*,' or 'Let me see a *come*.'"

"But *dog* is a name-word, and *tree* is a name-word," cried Walter. "I can say, 'Give me a dog,' 'Let me see a tree;' can I not?"

Digitized by Google

"You certainly can, my son," said Mrs. Dane.

"And sister, father, mother, sky, cloud, sun, moon, bread, butter, horse, cow, book, picture, water, land, doll, cart, ball, bat, are all name-words, or nouns; are they not, mother?"

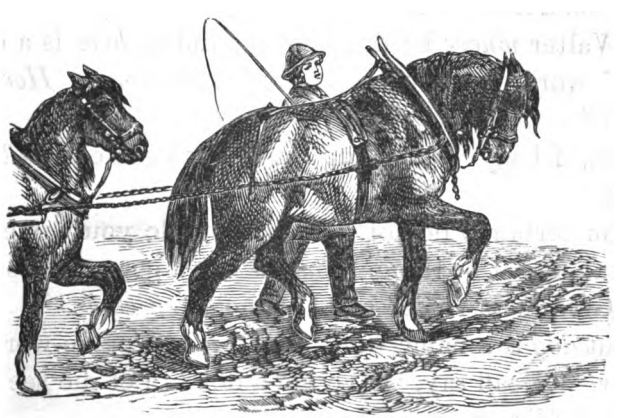
"Yes: I think you begin to see now what a *noun* is. And let me say one thing more, and then you may run to see Tom Burton."

"What is it, mother?" inquired Walter.

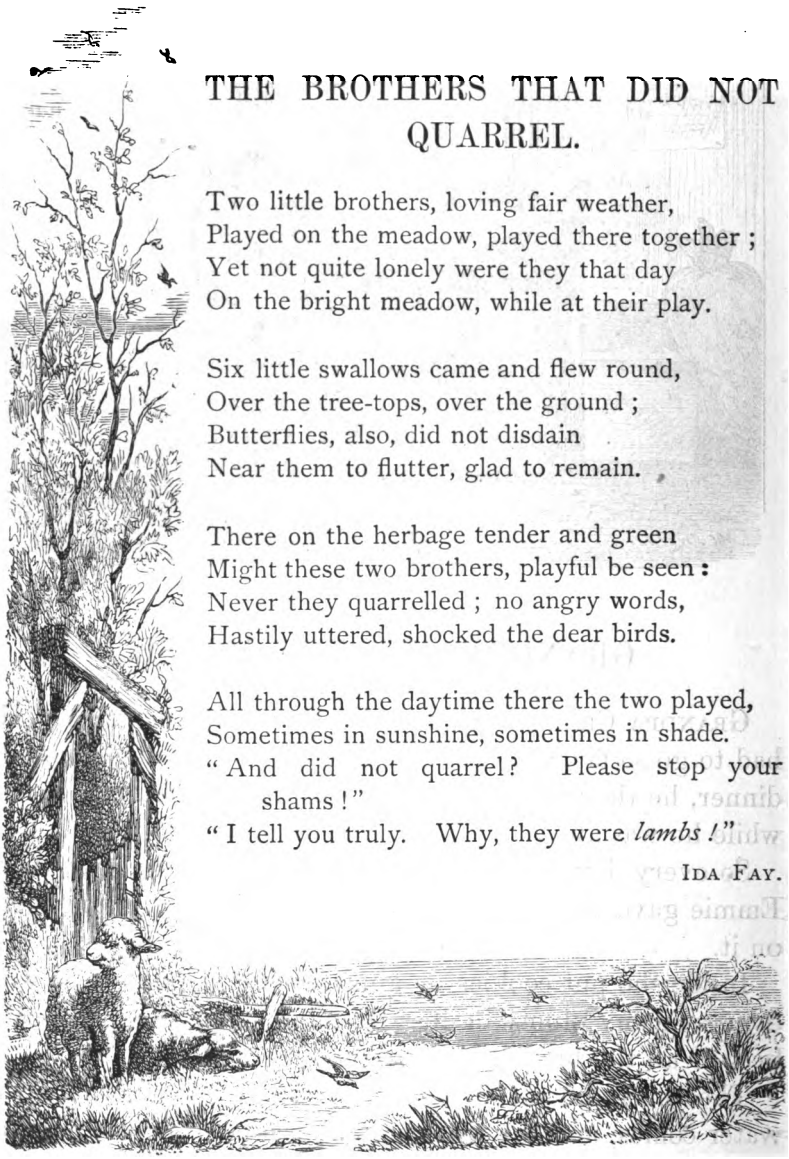
"When your uncle gave you a box of mixed shells last winter, what did you do with them?"

"I sorted them carefully, putting those of the same kind together, so that I might learn their names, the places where they are found, and the habits of the little animals that live in them."

"And just so we ought to treat words. We must first *sort* them, so as to learn what their use is in speech, and how and where they ought to be used. Grammar teaches us to sort words. Now run and play." UNCLE CHARLES.



Digitized by Google



THE BROTHERS THAT DID NOT QUARREL.

Two little brothers, loving fair weather,
Played on the meadow, played there together;
Yet not quite lonely were they that day
On the bright meadow, while at their play.

Six little swallows came and flew round,
Over the tree-tops, over the ground;
Butterflies, also, did not disdain
Near them to flutter, glad to remain.

There on the herbage tender and green
Might these two brothers, playful be seen:
Never they quarrelled; no angry words,
Hastily uttered, shocked the dear birds.

All through the daytime there the two played,
Sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in shade.
"And did not quarrel? Please stop your shams!"
"I tell you truly. Why, they were *lambs!*"

IDA FAY.

Digitized by Google



GRANDPA AND THE MOUSE.

GRANDPA CRANE went into the city every morning. He had to go so far, and it was so late when he came home to dinner, he thought he would like to have something to eat while he was away.

So every day, when he was ready to go to the cars, Aunt Emmie gave him a little basket with a pretty round cover on it.

Inside she put cookies or gingerbread, or plum-cake with ever so many plums in it. Grandpa liked the plum-cake best of all the little basket carried.

The office he sat in was down on a wharf, where the water comes, and the wind blows, just as if it were out at sea.

When he had been there a long while, he would get his

Digitized by Google

basket, and eat what Aunt Emmie had put in it. As he was old, his hand would shake, and let bits of cake fall on the floor.

Now, a little gray mouse lived in a hole in that very floor, way up in a corner. His bright eyes peeped out at Grandpa Crane when he was eating; and he looked as though he would like to get those good bits if he could muster courage to do it.

One day mousie was so hungry, that he made bold to run at a crumb which had fallen a good way from grandpa's feet. He picked it up as quick as he could, and scampered back with it to his safe little hole.

Finding that grandpa did him no hurt, mousie tried it another day. After a while, he came out every time he saw grandpa open the little basket, and picked up all the crumbs that fell down.

One day grandpa was very tired, and fell fast asleep after he had eaten his cake. Pretty soon he felt a pull at his soft white hair. He put up his hand, and down ran mousie.

Not getting as much to eat that day as he wanted, mousie had just walked up grandpa's side to his shoulder, and then up on his head. Wasn't that a queer place for a mouse to try to find something to eat?

AUNT EMMIE.



Digitized by Google



HOME FROM THE WOODS.

It rains! and, hark! the rushing wind
Begins to moan and blow:
Take jug and basket, and come on,
For we have far to go.

Don't fret and whimper, little one;
Here, my umbrella take:
The birds heed not the pouring rain;
Just hear the songs they make!

And see how glad are leaf and bud
To get each cooling drop:
Come, soon it will be bright again,
For soon the rain will stop.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Digitized by Google

THE SPECKLED HEN.



THE speckled hen walked all around the house, and saw the front-door open. So she walked right in, and went up stairs.

She peeped into the front-chamber, pecked a little at the carpet, and clucked with surprise when she saw herself in the looking-glass.



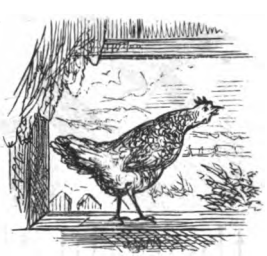
By and by she saw a wash-bowl standing on the top of the bureau. She thought this would make a nice place for a nest. So she flew up to see; but the bowl tipped over, and fell upon the floor.

Digitized by Google



When the people came up stairs to see what was the matter, they found that the wash-bowl was all broken in pieces, and the hen had made her nest in the band-box in the corner of the room.

They thought this a very saucy thing for a hen to do; but they did not drive her out: they waited to see what she would do next.



By and by the hen came off, and flew up on the window-sill. Then she began to cackle very loud. I suppose she meant to say, "Go and look in the band-box."

W. O. C.

Digitized by Google



STORY OF A DAISY.

DEEP down in a snug little dell, beneath a high bank, near the roadside, grew a wild daisy. It had braved the snow and ice of winter, and was now putting forth its leaves to the soft breezes and blue skies of spring.

One day a party of boys and girls came to play near the daisy-plant's home; and she thought she would surely be trampled on and killed. But the children at last went away, and daisy-plant breathed freely once more.

But it was not long before she heard a child's voice cry, "Papa, papa, I can run down this bank. Let me run down this bank all by myself, dear papa." And, before papa could say Nay, down ran little Emma Vincent, and stood close beside daisy-plant.

Oh, look at this darling daisy, only look, papa!" cried Emma; and in one little minute the child's finger and thumb had tight hold of the young daisy-plant's only flower.

Digitized by Google



Tremble, now, daisy-plant; one little nip, and your beauty and pride will be gone. But something else than this was in store for poor daisy-plant. "I'll not gather the flower," said Emma. "The whole plant shall go into my garden, papa, just as it is."

Daisy-flower did not know its danger then, or maybe it would have shut up its eye, and hung down its head, for very fear. But, instead of this, it looked up as boldly as a modest daisy well could into the little girl's face.

So the whole plant was taken up by its roots; and Emma bore it carefully home, and with the aid of John, the gardener's boy, set it out nicely in her little flower-bed.

Emma took great care of daisy-plant, watering it at night, and protecting it from the hot sun at noon. Soon it began to thrive as bravely as in its own native dell. It was very happy, and could spare a flower or two without missing them so very much.

But one day, when she returned from a week's visit to her aunt, Emma missed her darling daisy-plant. "O papa!"

Digitized by Google



cried she, "somebody has taken it away, — my precious daisy."

Yes, a new gardener's boy, who had thought that it was a weed, had pulled it up, and thrown it, he could not tell where. It was hard to comfort Emma. Such a beautiful flower it seemed in her eyes! And she had found it, and put it in her own garden, and watched it and watered it so carefully!

And what had become of poor daisy-plant? Had it withered and perished? No, no! daisy-plants don't give up life and hope so easily as that. Daisy-plant was safe yet, though it had been thrown on a heap of rubbish.

The next day papa came in with something he had covered with a handkerchief. Emma took away the handkerchief, and clapped her hands for joy. "My own dear daisy," she said: "yes, I am sure it is the same. Thank you, dear papa!"

Yes, papa had found it on the rubbish, had washed it from dirt, and clipped off its broken leaves, and put it into a

Digitized by Google



pretty little flower-pot with some fine rich mould; and there was daisy as brisk and bright as ever.

Summer passed away, and autumn came, and Emma was as fond as ever of her dear plant. But Mrs. Vincent, Emma's mother, had been very ill, and Dr. Ware had cured her.

One day, while Emma was in the parlor with her father and mother, Dr. Ware came in.

"I need not come again," he said: "I am here now to say good-by. You will not want any more of my medicines."

Then Emma's papa thanked Dr. Ware very much for the skill and care which he had shown in the case; and Emma's mother said, "I hope to show you some day how grateful I am, Dr. Ware."

"What can I do to let him know how much I thank him?" thought Emma. "I will give him my little daisy-plant," said she. So she took it to Dr. Ware; and he was so much pleased, that he took her on his knee and kissed her. But I am not sure that a little tear did not drop on Daisy-flower, as Emma put it into the doctor's hand.

Digitized by Google



WINIFRED WATERS.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Moderato. *mf.*

VOICE. AND PIANO.

1. Win - i - fred Waters sat and sighed Under a weeping willow;
2. Send her to the sandy plains, In the zone called torrid;
3. When the poor girl has endured Six months of this drying,

When she went to bed she cried, Wetting all the pillow;
Send her where it never rains, Where the heat is horrid.
Winifred will come back quite cured, Let us hope, of crying.

p

Kept on cry-ing night and day, Till her friends lost patience;
Mind that she has only flour For her dai - ly feeding;
Then she will not day by day Make those mournful fac - es,

f

"What shall we do to stop her, pray?" So said her re - la - tions.
Let her have a page an hour Of the dri - est reading.
And we shall not have to say, "Wring her pil - low cas - es."

Digitized by Google



"CLEAR THE COAST."

Digitized by Google

"CLEAR THE COAST!"



LEAR the coast! clear the coast!" cried Albert and Frank, as they came down hill swiftly on Frank's new sled.

"Look out for that woman!" cried little Harry, who was standing at the top of the hill.

A poor German woman was crossing the road. She had a large basket full of bundles, which she carried on her head. In her right hand she had an umbrella and a tin pail, and on her arm another basket. Truly, seeing that the roads were slippery, she had more than her share of burdens.

She tried to get qut of the way; but Frank's new sled was such a swift runner, that it came near striking her, and caused her to nearly lose her balance, putting her at the same time into a great fright.

"You bad boys, you almost threw me down!" she exclaimed, when she recovered from the start they had given her, and looked around to see if she had dropped any of her bundles.

But down the hill they rushed on their sled, Frank losing his hat in their descent, but little caring for that in his delight. The two boys, after reaching the foot of the hill, turned, and began to drag their sled up again.

"That woman," said Frank, "called us bad boys. Let us tell her that we are not bad boys. We did not mean to run her down."

"Here comes Harry, running. What has he got to say?" asked Albert.

"I tell you what, boys," said Harry, "you'll be taken up if you run people down in that way."

"Why didn't she clear the coast when I told her to?" said Albert.

Digitized by Google

"Why didn't you steer your sled out of the way?" returned Harry.

"I didn't hit her, did I?" said Albert.

"No; but you were trying to see how near you could come without hitting her," replied Harry. "It's too bad to treat a poor old woman so!"

"So it was," said Frank. "What shall we do about it?"

"That's for Albert to say," exclaimed Harry.

"Well," replied Albert, "the right thing will be to offer to drag her bundles for her on the sled."

"That's it!" said the other two boys.

By this time they had reached the place where the poor woman was moving slowly along under her heavy burdens. She seemed very tired, and sighed often as she picked her way timidly over the frozen snow.

"We are sorry we frightened you," said Albert. "We did not mean to do any harm. Put your baskets on this sled, and we will drag them for you as far as you want to go."

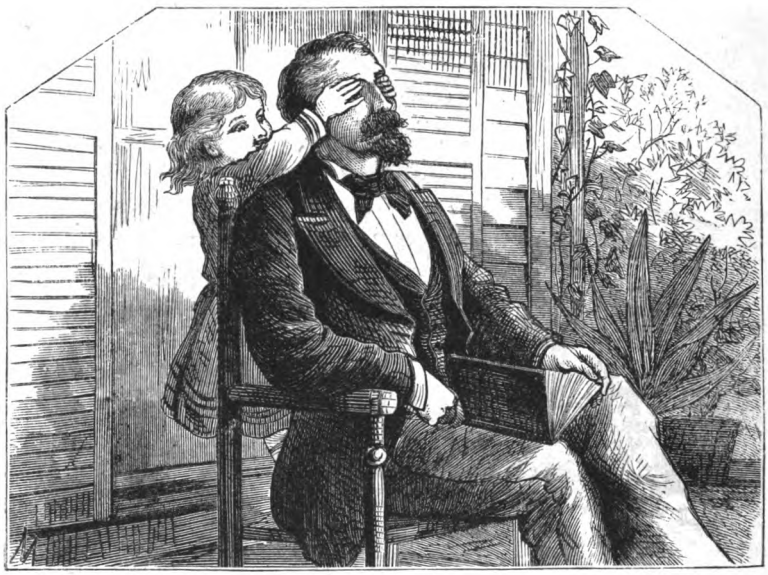
"Well, you are little gentlemen, after all," said the woman, "and I'm sorry I was so vexed with you."

"You had cause," said Frank: "we were to blame."

Then she put her two baskets and the tin pail on the sled; and the three boys escorted her to her home, where she thanked them heartily for the way in which they had made amends for Albert's bad steering.

UNCLE CHARLES.

Digitized by Google



WHO IS IT?

SURELY a step on the carpet I hear,
Some quiet mouse that is creeping so near.
Two little feet mount the rung of my chair:
True as I live, there is somebody there!
Ten lily fingers are over my eyes,
Trying to take me by sudden surprise;
Then a voice, calling in merriest glee,
"Who is it? Tell me, and you may go free."

"Who is it? Leave me a moment to guess.
Some one who loves me?" The voice answers, "Yes."
"Some one who's fairer to me than the flowers,
Brighter to me than the sunshiny hours?
Darling, whose white little hands make me blind
Unto all things that are dark and unkind;
Sunshine and blossoms, and diamond and pearl, —
Papa's own dear little, sweet little girl!"

GEORGE COOPER.

Digitized by Google



A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

THE little boy who got his aunt to write this letter for him wishes to have it appear in "The Nursery," so that Santa Claus may be sure to read it. When it is *printed*, the little boy says he can read it himself. Here is the letter:—

DEAR MR. SANTA CLAUS, — Please, sir, could you not bring me a team of goats next Christmas? I do want them so much! Other little boys no bigger than I am have a pair of goats to play with.

When I ask my mother to get me a pair, she says she will see, but thinks I shall have to wait a little while. Now, dear Mr. Santa Claus, I do not feel as if I *could* wait.

Besides, ma's "little while" seems like a great while to me, and when I get older I shall have to go to school; but now I could play almost all the time with my little goats, if I had them. Oh, dear! I wish I had them now! I can hardly wait till Christmas.

I will be very kind to them, and give them plenty to eat, and a good

Digitized by Google

warm bed at night. Brother Charley says he will get me a wagon, if you, good Mr. Santa Claus, will give me the goats.

Folks say, that, although you are an old man, you love little children; especially little boys with black eyes, and who obey their mother. Well, my eyes are very black; and I love my mother dearly, and try to obey her.

My name is Francis Lincoln Noble: I live at 214, South 8th Street, Williamsburgh, L.I. The house is quite high; but, dear Mr. Santa Claus, I think your nimble deer can climb to the top of it.

You can put the little goats right down through the chimney in ma's room. I will take away the fireboard, so they can come out at the fireplace. Oh, how happy I shall be when I wake in the morning, and see them! I shall say, "Merry Christmas!" to everybody; and everybody will say, "Merry Christmas!" to me.

But dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, if you cannot get to the top of the house to put them down the chimney, please to bring them up the front-steps, and tie them to the door-knob; and then blow your whistle, and I will run right down to the door; and, dear Mr. Santa Claus, could you not stop long enough for me to say, "Thank you!" for my mother says all good boys say, "Thank you!" when they receive a present?

FRANCIS LINCOLN NOBLE.

THE BOY AND THE NUTS.

A BOY once found some nuts in a jar. Like all boys, he was fond of nuts, and was glad to hear that he might put his hand *once* in the jar, and have all the nuts he could then take out. He thrust his hand down the neck of the jar, and took hold of all the nuts he could. When his hand was quite full, he did his best to draw it out of the jar.

But the neck of the jar was small, and his hand was so full of nuts, that he could not draw it out. He felt so sad, that tears fell from his eyes. His friend who stood near told him to let go half the nuts. He did so, and then drew out his hand with ease.

We shall find it so in life: men lose all, if they try to get too much.

T. C.

Digitized by Google



EDDY'S THANKSGIVING.

LAST year Eddy spent Thanksgiving Day at his grandpa's. For a week before the time came, he chattered about going. He wanted to take with him his drum and his rocking-chair, and Frisk his dog. But mamma said he would have plenty of playthings and playmates without them.

You would have thought so too, if you had seen the sleighs full of uncles and aunts and cousins that came driving up to grandpa's door the day before Thanksgiving; and, if you had heard the laughing and shouting, you would have said they were as merry a set of people as ever were got together.

Thanksgiving morning, grandpa said they must all go to church, — every one of them, big and little, — except Aunt

Digitized by Google

Susan, who had a bad cold. So mamma dressed Eddy for church, and told him to be careful to keep himself looking nice; for he was one of the worst boys to tear and soil his clothes that you ever saw.

Eddy took a seat in the parlor, intending to be very careful; but pretty soon he heard his cousins Harry and John talking in the kitchen, and went out to see what was going on there.



As he passed along, he saw Towzer, grandpa's great shaggy dog, on the porch, and thought he must have a romp with him. He made Towzer sit up and shake hands, and perform other tricks that had been taught him. Then he thought Towzer would make a good horse.

So he straddled Towzer's back with his short fat legs, and told him to "go 'long." But Towzer did not like to play horse, and tried to shake Eddy off. Eddy held fast, and

Digitized by Google

wriggled and shouted to make Towzer go. All at once the dog gave a spring, and threw Eddy off into a puddle of water.

Poor Eddy went into the house, muddy and dripping, and found that everybody was ready to start for church. Of course, there was not time to dress him again; so he had to stay with Aunt Susan.

He did not think that was very hard; for, after he was dressed clean again, Aunt Susan gave him a cooky to eat, and a picture-book to look at.

When he had got through with the book, she took him down cellar with her to get some apples. Aunt Susan soon filled her pan, and started back; but Eddy stopped to taste the apples in every barrel.

"Come, Eddy," called Aunt Susan from the head of the cellar-stairs.

"In a minute," answered Eddy, straining to reach the apples in a barrel that was nearly empty. Just then he slipped, and fell into the barrel head first, with his feet sticking up.

How he squealed! Aunt Susan's cold had made her so deaf, that she did not hear him. He kept on squealing and kicking until the barrel tipped over; and then he backed out of it, and went slowly up to the kitchen, very red in the face.

He was pretty quiet after that until dinner was ready. After dinner the children cracked nuts, and parched corn, and played merry games; and Eddy had his share of all the fun. When he went to bed, his Aunt Susan asked him whether he had had a good time.

"Splendid!" said Eddy.

"How did you like being thrown into the puddle?" said Aunt Susan.

Digitized by Google

"First rate!" said Eddy.

"Did you think it good fun to dive into the barrel?"

"Jolly!" said the little rogue. "I'd like to do it again."

M. F. BURLINGAME.

BENNY'S ARITHMETIC LESSON.

LITTLE BENNY has just begun to go to school.

Some boys as young and active as he is would rather play all day long than to spend part of the time in the school-room; but he seems to like it.

Almost every day he comes running home, saying, "I've learned something more to-day;" and, after he has told us about it, we send him out of doors with his little cousins, who live close by.

We know that all work and no play would make Benny a dull boy.

To-day he felt very proud, because he had been learning to add. He said that he could say the first table.

I told him to begin, and I would tell him if he was right.

So he began; and this is the way it went on: —

BENNY. — One and one are two.
MAMMA. — That is very true.
BENNY. — Two and one are three.
MAMMA. — Nought could better be.
BENNY. — Four and one are five.
MAMMA. — True as I'm alive.
BENNY. — Five and one are six.
MAMMA. — That's a pretty fix.
BENNY. — Six and one are seven.
MAMMA. — Thought you'd say eleven.
BENNY. — Seven and one are eight.
MAMMA. — Bless your curly pate!
BENNY. — Eight and one are nine.
MAMMA. — Why, how very fine!
BENNY. — Nine and one are ten.
MAMMA. — Pretty good for Ben.

We had a good hearty laugh when we got through; for Benny's earnest way of reciting pleased me, and he enjoyed the emphatic manner in which I replied to his additions. How many of the little "Nursery" boys can say the table that Benny did?

C. H.

Digitized by Google



GRANDPA'S BOOTS.

How the stars did snap that December night! The moon was up too; and how cold and white she looked!

And how busy Jack Frost was! No one saw him swing a hammer; no one heard him drive a nail: but, by the time morning had come, he had laid right across the ponds and the river a floor of ice smoother than any wooden floor ever put down by the joiners of Norridgewock.

All the boys were out sliding. Ed Peet had come from over the river; Fred Danforth was there from the tavern; and George Sawtelle came running up from the big house under the willow. Others were there too, slipping along on Jack Frost's floor.

Little Albert looked out of the window, and saw the boys at their play. Why couldn't he go out too?

Digitized by Google

"Shall I go, mother?" he asked.

"Your slippers are too thin, Albert."

"Oh! I can put on grandpa's boots."

"Yes, you can go, but be careful. You are too young for such rough sport."

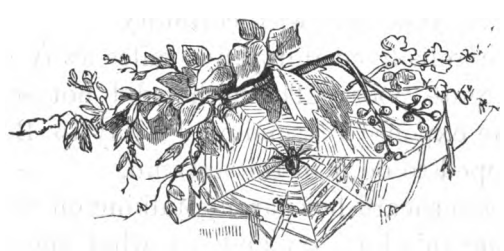
Off scampered the eager feet, and on went the big boots. A smile must have lighted up the mother's eyes as she heard her little boy tramping over the floor in the heavy boots.

The boys were taking their turn at sliding. Away down at the end of the line stood Albert. They were sliding carefully, not running too hard; for a little way out the ice was thin. After a while, it was Albert's turn. "I'll beat those big, clumsy boys," he thought.

Taking a long run, driving ahead with all his force, he shouted, "Now see your grandpa go!" And, sure enough, grandpa's boots went and went, out where the ice was thin, and down went Albert into the water! The water was not deep, though. He was out again in a moment; and there he stood, cold and dripping like an icicle in a January thaw.

I can hear the boys laughing, and I seem to see the smile lighting up the mother's brown eyes still more merrily, when her little boy came home. Albert never forgot it. In after-years he would say, "Whenever I am inclined to show off, I think of grandpa's boots."

E. A. R.



Digitized by Google



WHAT JESSIE CORTRELL DID.

Poor little Johnny Cortrell's eyes kept growing dimmer; and one day in May-time they failed altogether, and Jessie, his sister, led him home from school stone blind.

His father and mother were greatly distressed at this. Dr. James held a candle to the poor blind eyes; but they never blinked. He said he was not enough of an oculist to determine whether they could be cured; but there was a doctor in Boston — Dr. Williamson, 33 Blank Street — who would be able to pronounce with certainty.

Now, the Cortrells lived thirty-five miles away from Boston, and were quite poor. The father did not see how he could afford the expense of sending Johnny to Boston yet a while, but hoped to do it in the autumn.

Little Jessie overheard her parents talking on the subject, and made up her mind to try and see what she could do.

Digitized by Google

She thought she could not wait three, four, or five months, to have Johnny cured: it ought to be done at once.

The next day she told her plan to Johnny, and they made their preparations; and one bright morning, when it was school-time, she and Johnny stole out of the house hand in hand, quite unnoticed by any one.

They met a little girl named Jane Anderson; and by her Jessie sent the following letter to her parents: —

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I didn't ask you, for fear you would say No; but Johnny and I are going to Boston to see Dr. Williamson. I heard all the reasons why you couldn't take Johnny till fall, and I couldn't wait. 'Twon't hurt us to walk this nice spring weather; and I don't think any one will refuse to give a poor blind boy and his sister a place to sleep, or a bowl of bread and milk to eat. We shall ask our road, and we won't get lost. Our Father in heaven will go with us all the way.

Mr. Cortrell was much alarmed. "I must start after them, wife," said he. "Those children on the road to Boston all alone! Jessie is crazy."

But Mrs. Cortrell said, "What if God put it into her heart, John?" And so they concluded to do nothing about it.

Well, the children walked and walked, and now and then they got a drive; and, on the third morning, Jessie led Johnny into Boston over the Brighton road.

They found Dr. Williamson. He received them kindly. He examined Johnny's eyes, and then said to Jessie, "I think there are nine chances in ten that I can cure your brother."

Jessie bounded with joy. The good doctor accommodated them in his own house while the cure was going on; and after not many days he sent the children home in the cars, and, as he left them, placed a sealed envelope in the hand of Jessie.

Digitized by Google

"My bill for your father: there is no haste about it," said he kindly; and then he bade them good-by.

The journey was a short one. Happy enough were the parents to see their dear children back again, and Johnny quite cured of his blindness.

Then Jessie handed her father the bill. "Whatever it is, I shall pay it cheerfully," said he. He opened it, and read, —

"For services rendered Johnny and Jessie Cortrell.

"Received payment in full,

"CHARLES WILLIAMSON."

So Johnny got his eyes again, and the doctor's bill was settled; and Jessie had done it all.*



THE ACORNS.

"TALL oaks from little acorns grow."
Yes, darling children, that is so:
Then plant your acorns; do not fear;
And fruit will by and by appear.
The line you learn to-day may be
The very seed of Wisdom's tree.

EMILY CARTER.

* From Bed-Time Stories, by Louise Chandler Moulton, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Digitized by Google

GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

GRANDMA's birthday is to-day!
This we all have come to say,
Lest she should forget the time,
Wondering at this joyful rhyme.

Welcome, welcome, happy day!
Love shed brightness on her way!
And for her may many more
Just such birthdays be in store!

We have come with fruits and flowers,
Tokens of this love of ours;
But our love shall flourish bright
When these flowers are faded quite.

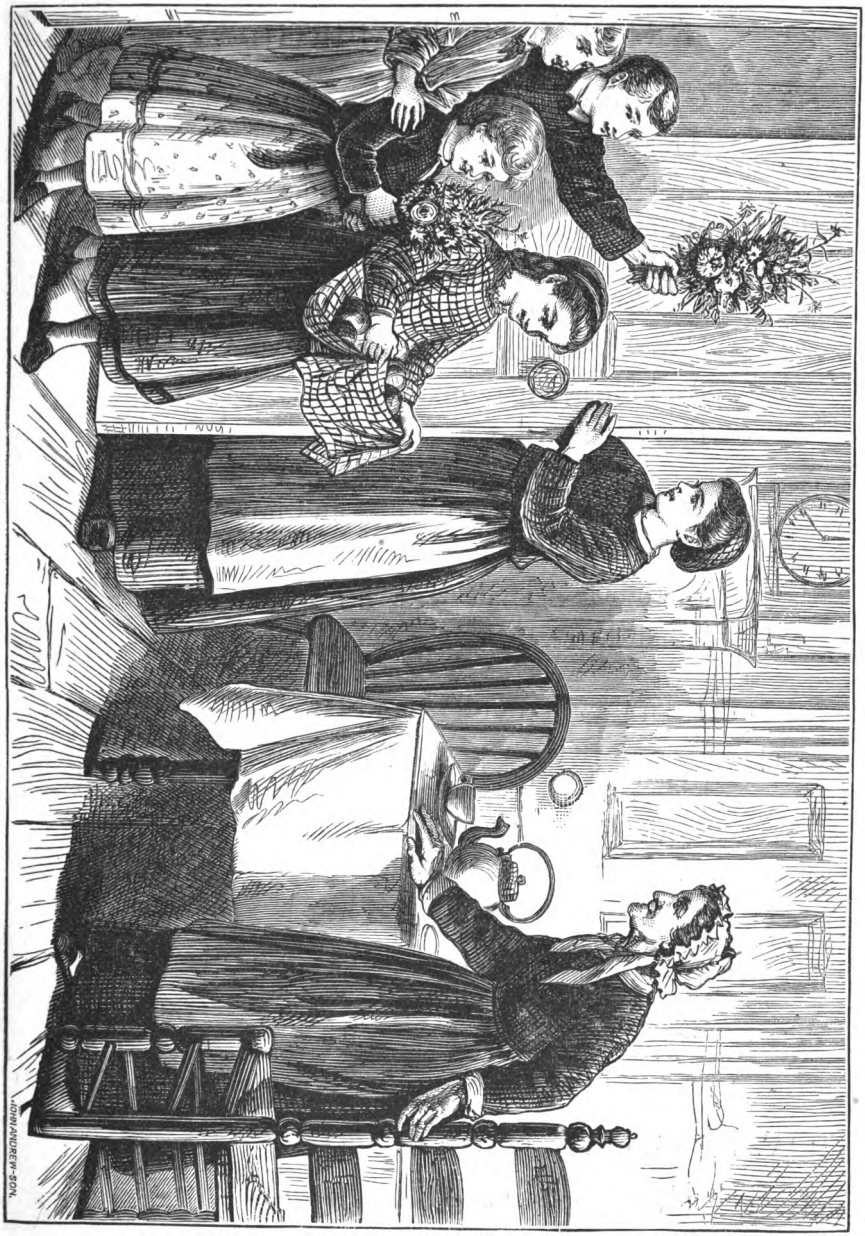
Take them, grandma, and be sure
We are rich, though we are poor, —
Rich in love, though poor in gold:
So to greet you we make bold.

Blessings be around your way!
Love surround you every day!
Pleasant thoughts be with you still,
Gently going down the hill!

And may your example bright
Keep us always in the right!
So, "Hurrah, hurrah!" we say:
"Grandma's birthday is to-day!"

DORA BURNSIDE.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

THE BALLOON.

A BALLOON was going up from Boston Common, and two children were out upon a hill in the country watching for it. "There it is!" said Willy, as he pointed to a black speck right over the State House.



The speck seemed to grow larger every moment. "The balloon is coming this way," said Willy. "I can see a man in it waving a flag." By and by it seemed to be coming down on a hill close by where the children stood. They ran to



Digitized by Google

meet it, shouting as they went; but it was a great deal farther off than they thought it was.

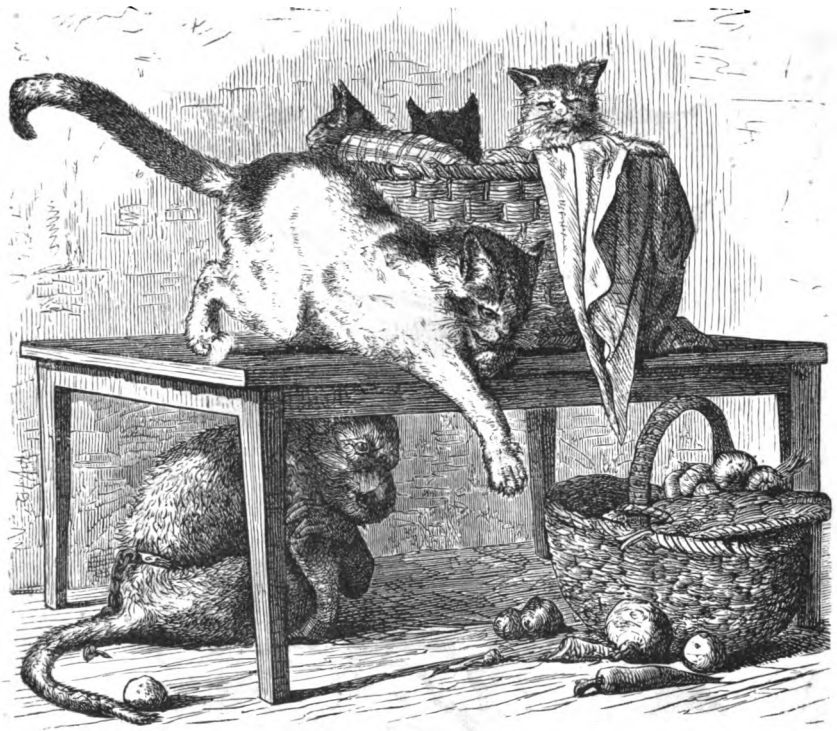


A good many other people were looking at the balloon at the same time; and it came down in a pasture where some children were picking berries. When it got almost down, the man looked out and said, "Have you any blueberries for sale?"



The children held out their baskets, and said, "Yes, plenty of them." — "Well, then," said the man, "I think this is a good place to stop at." W. O. C.

Digitized by Google



WHAT THE CAT SAID TO THE MONKEY.

You cowardly monkey, come out if you dare!
I'll teach you my dear little kittens to scare.
Because I had gone a few moments away,
You thought that to plague them was good monkey play.

But when I came back, just in season, I saw
What was up, and I gave you a pat with my paw:
It didn't set well, might I judge from your face.
What ails your poor arm? and why that grimace?

Now, here hangs my paw; and, if you're inclined
To try it again, 'twill be ready, you'll find.
And mark, Mr. Monkey, if up to your fun;
I'll show, to your sorrow, I have more than one.

So Velvetpaw, Whitefoot, and Darkey, don't fear!
No monkey shall harm you while mother is near.
The rascal who plagued you has found I am rough:
Of my paw and my claw he has had quite enough.

Digitized by Google



THE STARLING AND THE SPARROWS.

THE starling is a trim little bird, measuring from seven to eight inches in length. He goes dressed in black, and his coat glistens like satin in the sunlight. In autumn, however, after moulting, he looks as if bedecked with white pearls.

This is his travelling-suit, and in it he prepares to take his flight southward to a warmer region. He is a European bird; and so he goes from Germany as far south as Spain, Italy, and Greece. Now and then he ventures as far as Africa.

Digitized by Google

But, as soon as spring begins to appear, the starling is sure to come back northward to his old haunts. He comes with merry songs and chatterings, and seems determined that no one shall be sad while he is about.

Flying to the topmost bough of some tree in the neighborhood of his old home, he proclaims to all the world that the Good Fellow (as the Germans call him) has come back, and that all the people may be glad accordingly.

After this, his first business will be to see how it stands with his summer lodgings; for he wants to be spared the trouble of finding a new mansion if he can help it. Somewhere about, there is, perhaps, a starling's tub or bucket, that some friends of his have placed on a tree for his accommodation, in their garden or yard, after making a hole or door by which he may enter.

But, dear me! what is his indignation, when he finds that a family of saucy sparrows, going upon the old maxim of "might makes right," have taken up their abode in his house, without so much as saying, "By your leave"!

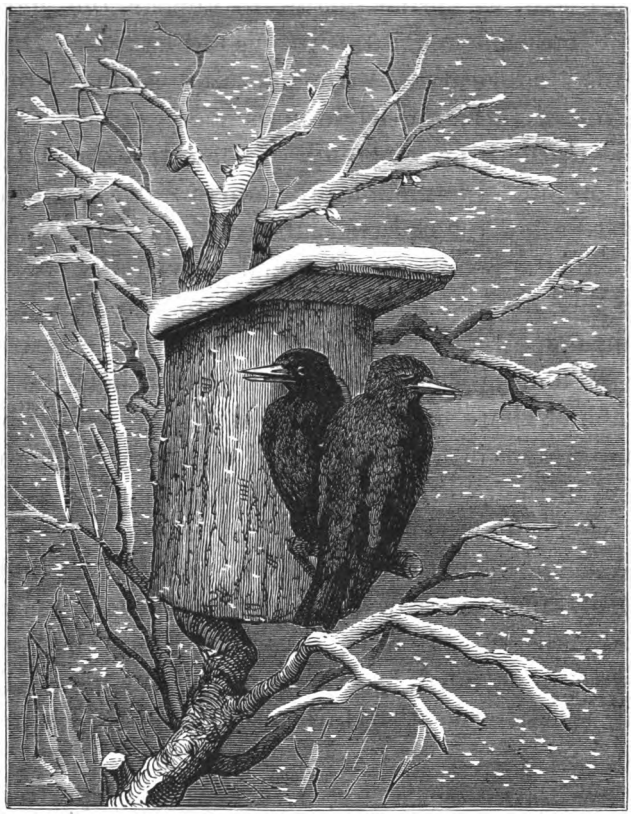
"Quit this!" cries the starling in tones that cannot be mistaken.

"Go away, you black rogue!" cries the sparrow. "I shall not quit this nice house for you."

But the starling has a sharp bill, and he hits the poor sparrow with it. Sparrow calls him all the hard names he can think of, and summons the whole sparrow community to his assistance against the mean fellow who has come to deprive him of his home.

The cries grow louder and wilder. Such an uproar of sparrows as there is before the door! At last comes Madam Starling flying to the rescue; and then the battle is quickly decided. The sparrows are driven off, and the starlings remain in full possession.

Digitized by Google



Madam Starling looks about with her clear, bright little eyes, and sees that the troublesome sparrows have all gone away; and her faithful mate lights on the topmost bough of a tree near by, and pours forth a song of rejoicing and of triumph.

But soon the wind blows cold from the north. Ah! old Winter comes back a moment or two just to see what Spring is about. The flakes descend on their black coats; and the starlings come out from their little house, and look about to see what's the matter.

Digitized by Google

Have they made a mistake? Oh, no! Soon the sun will be out. April has come, and the snow will not last long. They first go to work, and clean their little house, pitching out all the rubbish the sparrows have left there.

Straw, feathers, and hay must now be got for a nice fresh nest. This they soon make; and one day Madam Starling shows her mate five or six clear blue eggs in the nest. For nearly sixteen days she must sit brooding on these eggs; and then — what joy! — half a dozen bright little starlings make their appearance.

But, dear me, how hungry they are! Father and mother have just as much as they can do to feed them. The little ones seem to be crying all the time for "more, more!" Will they never get enough?

In a few weeks the children grow so strong and sleek, that Papa Starling says to them, "Now, boys and girls, you must learn to fly, and get your own living. Come, tumble out!"



So the young ones have to venture out; and soon they find they can pick up worms and seeds enough for themselves. What joy to fly from tree to tree! How pleasant to light among the green stalks and the flowers on the warm summer days! The starlings have a merry time of it; and, when winter comes, all they have to do is to fly southward.

No sooner are they gone than the sparrows again take possession of the forsaken house, in great delight at having such a nice warm dwelling for the winter.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.

Digitized by Google



THE TEA-PARTY.

THE dolls had a tea-party: wasn't it fun!
In ribbons and laces they came, one by one.
We girls set the table, and poured out the tea;
And each of us held up a doll on our knee.

You never saw children behave half so well:
Why, nobody had any gossip to tell!
And (can you believe it?) for badness, that day,
No dolly was sent from the table away.

One dolly, however, the proudest one there,
Was driven almost to the verge of despair,
Because she had met with a simple mishap,
And upset the butter-plate into her lap.

Digitized by Google

The cups and the saucers they shone lily-white:
We helped all the dollies, they looked so polite.
We had cake and jam from our own pantry-shelves:
Of course, we did most of the eating ourselves.

But housewives don't know when their cares may begin.
The window was open, and pussy popped in:
He jumped on the table; and what do you think?
Down fell all the crockery there, in a wink.

We picked up the pieces, with many a sigh;
Our party broke up, and we all said good-by:
Do come to our next one; but then we'll invite
That very bad pussy to keep out of sight.

GEORGE COOPER.



Digitized by Google



THE SPRAINED ANKLE.

HARRY has been a long, long time at the window, watching the boys as they go past on their sleds. It is a bright afternoon, and they are enjoying the coasting very much.

Harry draws a long sigh, which makes his mamma look up from her work, and say, —

"I know it is hard for you, darling; but think what might have happened to Johnny if you had not saved him."

Would you like to know what it is which keeps Harry in-doors while there is so much fun outside?

Well, while he is counting the sleds as they go down the long hill in front of the house, I will tell you.

It was on Saturday afternoon, a week ago. He was out coasting with the other boys. Johnny Ware, a little fellow only five years old, was with them.

Digitized by Google

Harry and several other boys were going very swiftly *down* the hill as Johnny was coming *up*.

"Get out of the way!" shouted one boy.

"Look out, Johnny, turn to the right!" cried another. But the little fellow did not know which was *right*, and, being bewildered, stood still. The sleds were almost upon him, and it seemed as if he *must* be run over, when Harry caught him, and threw him one side, but not in season to save his own ankle.

It was badly sprained, and he had to be carried home. But when Harry remembers the danger, and how near Johnny came to being run over, he does not complain. He can even watch the boys cheerfully, and clap his hands in joy as he hears their ringing laugh and merry shouts.

Johnny Ware is among them, but does not stay long. He comes into Harry's house to warm his fingers. After standing by the stove a few minutes, he comes to the window, and, slipping his little cold hand into Harry's, says, "May I stay with you, Harry?"

Don't you think our little lame boy is happy now?

MARY MYRTLE.



Digitized by Google

The Nursery

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

THIS unique and much-admired work, begun in 1867, and now a *welcome and trusted visitor* in every intelligent family where there is a child, retains its UNRIVALLED CORPS OF CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS, and gives *in every number* a profusion of

The Choicest Pictures

executed in the *best and most costly style*, and designed especially for the young. The peculiar features that have distinguished it thus far will characterize it *during the coming year*, and

New and Varied Attractions

will be continually added.

Subscriptions may begin with any number; and back numbers, either separately or in beautiful bound volumes, can be always supplied.

$1.50 A YEAR, in advance. { TERMS. } **15 CENTS a Single Number.**

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN L. SHOREY,

36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google

SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED

GIFT BOOKS

FOR CHILDREN.

The Bound Volumes of "The Nursery" (a Monthly Magazine for Youngest Readers, $1.50 a year) are published half-yearly.

PRICE:

In Plain Green Cloth	**$1.00**
The Two Volumes of each year bound in one	**1.75**

The publication of the Magazine began in 1867, and all the Volumes from that date can be supplied.

"The bound volumes of 'THE NURSERY,' in their attractive covers of green and gold, contain just the tidbits for childish appetites. It is almost impossible for any other Christmas Gift for very young folks to be such a *multum in parvo* as this 'Nursery' of delights." — *Boston Transcript.*

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of Price by the Publisher,

John L. Shorey,

No. 36, BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

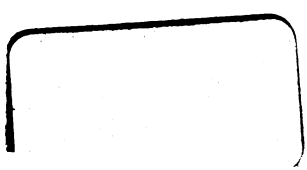
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google